OUR NEW SERIAL

READ ANNOUNCEMENT ON FOURTH PAGE.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

"The Garden of Eden," U. S. A.

See Fourth Page FOR Announcement.

VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894. NUMBER 44.

Poetry.

AFTER THE SEASON.

She was molded fair as a sculptor's dream,
Like a young Diana, tall,
Yet she never sported a bathing suit,
Nor came, half dressed, to a ball.

In short, she was woman down to the tips,
Of her feet and up again
To the Cupid bow of her warm red lips,
Like rose leaves after rain.

I tell you, Jask, when a man's fate comes,
It catches him hard and fast,
I loved her—loved her! She held me off,
But I told her so at last.

We met on the beach one starless night,
And walked to the town and back,
And she—she refused me—yes me, my boy,
The catch of the season, Jack.

She had given her heart to a sailor lad,
For my stately sweetheart—well,
Was only a Swedish waiter girl
At the big West End hotel.

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

Last night we marked the twinkling stars,
This morn no dew revived the grass,
And off across the parching fields
We see the cattle driven,
The eager hawk forgets to swing
And scream across the burning sky,
And from the oak's slow-dying crest
Sends forth a strange and plaintive cry.

The geese on unaccustomed wings
Flap wildly in ungainly flight,
The peacock's fierce defiant scream
Scatters the fowls in wild affright,
The crows are barking in the woods;
The maple leaves their silver show,
The cattle sniff the coming storm,
Then toss their heads and softly low.

And now along the hazy West
The swiftly building clouds uprear;
High overhead the winds are loud,
The thunder rolls and grumbles near;
The housewife trims the leaky eaves,
The farmer frets of lodging grain,
Till all the world, rejoicing, drinks
The long-dented, long-prayed-for rain.

—Harper's Weekly.

Our Storiette.

AS A MATTER OF LIKENESS

Notwithstanding that Uncle George could not come till later in the afternoon, Mrs. Elliott was kind enough to insist that I should go to lunch. And I enjoyed myself extremely—not only at lunch, but also while Adelaide showed me round the picture gallery afterward. Adelaide is really quite enchanting, tall, stately yet slender, pale with relief of delicate rose. I had met Adelaide once or twice before, and the second time had been unnecessary; wherefore this third was an opportunity.

We were alone in the picture gallery. I had just thrown the cigarette, which had been graciously allowed me, out of the window, and seeing that we were, as I say, alone, I was just about to —— But suddenly Adelaide spoke.

"Do you see that picture?"

"What, the fat old lady?"

"Yes, the fat old lady," said Adelaide, laughing, "it's mamma's sister, Lady Hamlyn."

"Oh, I beg pardon," I murmured. "I took it for a more remote relative."

Adelaide threw her charming head back and surveyed Lady Hamlyn.

"Mamma always says," she observed, "that Aunt Lucia was exactly like what I am now, when she was a girl."

I started violently.

"Oh, its prepost——" I began, but the word fell unfinished. I drew nearer to Lady Hamlyn's portrait.

"The features are just the same," observed Adelaide. "And that sort of complexion gets ——"

"Deeper," I put in, pleading for a merciful word.

"Yes, deeper. And I believe Aunt Lucia was a very slim girl; thinner than I am, even."

I was silent now, not in indignation, but in speechless recognition of irresistable, mournful truth.

"I dare say you don't see the likeness," said Adelaide, archly. "But the family does."

Alas! I did; even as the family did.

"Do you see the likeness?" asked Adelaide, with the slightest hint of unasiness in her tone.

"There—there's a look," said I, apologetically.

Adelaide looked at me and then at Lady Hamlyn's portrait. But I could not meet Adelaide's eye, nor look for the matter of that, Lady Hamlyn's either.

"Just a look," I repeated, guiltily. I wished I could deny it altogether.

There was a pause. Then Adelaide said tentatively:

"I don't call her bad-looking for an old lady, do you?"

"She looks good-natured," I managed to gasp.

"Oh, that means you think her very ugly;" and Adelaide turned a shoulder on me in high dudgeon.

"Not ugly," I cried, "but rather——"

"Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Rather—rather stout and—and——"

Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Smily," I murmured, stealing a furitive, fearful glance at Adelaide.

There was a long silence. Then Adelaide said very coldly:

"Do you care to see any more pictures, Mr. Danby?"

"Not for the world," I cried impulsively.

We walked out of the gallery in gloomy silence. I was enraged at myself—full of sorrow for the wounded pride which was evidently oppressing Adelaide—full of resentment against that unconscionably lady who had her portrait painted with the express object (so I accused her) of spoiling my romantic dreams.

"What did she want to be painted for?" I exclaimed petulantly, as we reached the door which led into the garden.

Adelaide said nothing at all. She kept her face turned away from me.

The tension of our uncomfortable attitude to one another—so different from what it had been when we entered the gallery—was happily relieved by the approach of Mrs. Elliott. I saw a question in Mrs. Elliott's eye, and I avoided her eye, as I had avoided Adelaide's eye and Lady Hamlyn's eye. I knew that we had not been sent round the picture gallery for nothing.

"Well, Mr. Danby, I hope you like our pictures?" said my hostess.

"They are delightful," I answered. "I'm so grateful to Miss Elliott for having them to me."

I could hardly have put it more unfortunately. Adelaide shot a glance of angry scorn at me. "I know you're grateful," the glance said.

"The one of my sister has only just come. We consider it so like Addie."

"It's not the——" I began desperately, but Adelaide was too quick.

"Mr. Danby was immensely struck with the likeness," she said, with an icy air.

"He saw it, did he?" cried Mrs. Elliott, apparently much pleased. "But really everybody must, I think."

"Then why don't you burn the wretched thing?" was on the tip of my tongue, when Mrs. Elliott most luckily prevented its utterance by crying:

"Why, here comes Sir George! Earlier than he said! How delightful!"

Across the broad lawn, slowly coming toward us, was Uncle George's heavy, broad figure. He had the gout, poor old man, and walked leaning on a stick.

"Poor old chap, he doesn't get any younger," I observed, chiefly in order to cover Adelaide's frozen silence.

Mrs. Ellictt put up her double glasses and surveyed Uncle George's approaching figure. She took a long, critical, exhaustive view of Uncle George. Then she turned and looked at me with some peculiarity.

"Well," she observed, drawing a long breath, "talk about likenesses!"

I was inclined to implore her to choose any other topic under heaven, but I could not do so while Adelaide stood by.

"Talk about likenesses!" said Mrs. Elliott. "Addie is like her aunt, no doubt——"

"All right, mamma. Mr. Danby knows that now," came suddenly (and, if I may be allowed the word, snappishly) from Adelaide.

"But it's nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with your likeness to Sir George, Mr. Danby."

For the second time I started violently.

"My likeness to Uncle George!" I cried.

"Why, my dear Mr. Danby, it's almost ludicrous."

Adelaide gave a short laugh. We stood regarding Uncle George's approaching figure.

"If he were your age you'd be as like as two peas," said Mrs. Elliott, in a final tone; and with that she walked off to meet Uncle George, leaving Adelaide and me standing together.

"Do—do you see it?" I asked, after a long pause.

Adelaide is a girl of spirit. She answered incisively:

"Have I eyes, Mr. Danby?" And she has very fine ones.

Receiving this answer, I fell again to studying Uncle eGorge, who stood leaning on his stick, talking to Mrs. Elliott.

"I don't call Uncle George by any means unprepossessing in appearance," I observed, as the result of my scrutiny.

"Oh, poor old man! How he suffers!" said Adelaide. "We mustn't think about his appearance, Mr. Danby."

That was all very well for Adelaide. I was bound to think about his appearance.

"Of course, he's rather fat and—erbald, and—well—red in the face."

"All that's only because of his health," said Adelaide, not joining issue on any point of my description. "I'm sure he's nice, though."

I looked at Adelaide. I drew a step nearer to Adelaide.

"Is Lady Hamlyn nice?" I asked.

Adelaide made no reply; but, looking still, I saw her lips curve ever so slightly.

"And after all, she can't help her looks," I said, compassionately.

"No more can poor George," conceded Adelaide.

"Oh, I can't imagine it!" cried Adelaide.

"Can't you?" I asked.

"No, I can't," said she, with mighty determination.

"But suppose he had met her when she was young—and like you?"

"Oh, she wouldn't have looked at him," protested Adelaide.

"But suppose," I persisted, "that he had been young also, and——"

"Like you?" asked Adelaide, with a lift of her lashes.

"What would have happened then?"

"I don't know," murmured Adelaide.

It was some moments later that I observed:

"You're not a bit like her really, you know."

"And mamma's very absurd about you and Sir George," said Adelaide.

"Well, we shall see—some day. And then—we shan't know!—London Black and White.

AN ARTIST'S INSPIRATION.

Unable to Draw a Picture Except in the Presence of a Certain Figure.

Walter Burridge, the artist, tells a good story on himself and proves it by showing the blank space on the wall where the picture, one of the accessories of the tale, used to hang.

He went one day to the studio of a friend and found there an anatomical figure, such as are to be seen in studios everywhere. It was a good one, and Burridge wanted it, for his own had been broken. He expressed a desire to have, but the artist friend wouldn't give it up for any money. It was his inspiration, he said. He needed it even for the composition of a letter. And as for drawing anything in the human figure without it, that was simply hopeless. He couldn't spare it.

So Burridge went away. But another day, while in the same studio, and in the absence of the owner, a third artist, who commonly shared the place and worked there, said Burridge could have the model if he wanted. The owner had concluded to get along without it.

And about an hour after the owner came back. He sat down and tried to draw a wagon. But he couldn't. He tried to write a letter that had long

been overdue. But he could not get his thoughts together.

"Something is gone," said he. "I can't do anything. I have lost something."

"Maybe it is your brains," said the man who shared his room. "Burridge has been over."

"The figure!" cried the artist. "That's it." And he started out. When he came back he brought not only the figure, but a water color sketch as well. It had taken Burridge days to complete the picture, and it marked one of the pleasantest events in his sojourn along the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

But it squared him, says the Chicago Herald.

Solved the Problem.

Miss Strongmind—Pardon me, but if I am not mistaken you are one of the poor, underpaid working girls whom our Emancipation Society tried to benefit—or at least you were two years ago.

Fair Stranger—That is true.

"Then our society has evidently not been without influence, for you look very prosperous now."

"I have everything I want, and never was so happy in my life."

"Thank heaven! You must have solved the Woman Problem."

"I have."

"Glorious! Tell me how you managed."

"I married a nice young man."—New York Weekly.

Turning Pale.

The color suddenly left her face.

"Heavens!" cried the Harlem woman. There was a blinding flash of lighting.

"Heavens!"

The rain beat upon her unprotected head, and the color which had left her face collected for the most part on the collar of her dress.

She Wanted One.

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?"—Life.

Great Courage.

"I know my faults, Harry, and I'm trying to overcome them."

Harry—Well, all I've got to say is, you have a good deal of courage to face such a multitude alone."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

Costumes Worn by the Bride, the Bridesmaids and Maids of Honor.

Weddings, like the weather, are always with us, says the New York Sun, and bridal gowns have a sentiment which invests them with an interest, despite the fact that there is very little variety in style. White satin con-

tinues to be the favorite material for wedding gowns, and lace, chiffon, tulle, and orange blossoms the favorite trimmings. Any scheme of color which can be carried out effectively in the bridesmaid's costume is admissible. At a recent fashionable wedding in London the bride wore the conventional dress of ivory white satin, made with a long train, and trimmed with white chiffon, pearl passementerie and satin ribbon. The tulle veil was caught together at the top in a bunch of upstanding loops. The bridesmaids were dressed in white China silk, adorned with lace and baby ribbon, and wore large white hats trimmed with ostrich feathers and pink carnations. The little maid of honor wore a simple gown of the same silk, with a white chiffon fichu around her shoulder.

The traveling costume of an English bride is a much more pretentious affair than an American bride would care to don; and in this instance it was made of blue and white striped silk, trimmed with white lace and ribbon, while the attire bodice was draped with black chiffon.

At another pretty wedding the bridesmaids wore yellow silk gowns draped with yellow chiffon, and carried bunches of yellow chrysanthemums. Gold hunting horn brooches were clasped at the neck, and large black velvet hats trimmed with yellow feathers completed the costumes. The large black hats adorned with white feathers are very effective with white gowns. Pale gray crepon is very pretty for bridesmaids' dresses, which should be made with a plain skirt, a white silk bodice veiled with gray chiffon, and a pink velvet collar. Gray hats with pink feathers are the correct headgear.

WHAT PEOPLE WEAR.

Milliners are doing a good deal with plateaux, or circular pieces of soft felt, and still more with piece felt and bands of felt, which they arrange in the form of draperies, bows and even rosettes. Felt shapes are provided ready draped with pieces of soft felt, which are gummed to them.

A fashion writer in Paris says: A great multiplicity of motifs in jet are placed at the disposal of the milliners; flat circular pieces for the crowns of capotes and toques; bandeaux or diadems, borderings for bonnet brims; oval arrangements intended to be fastened on the wide brims of hats; bands—some of these very rich indeed—for binding round the low crowns of felt or velvet hats; small circular bits to be joined together and wreathed into foundations, besides all sorts of jet buckles and slides, many of which are really handsome trinkets.

Ostrich feathers in plumes or tips are to be much in favor for hats which have wide brims. This trimming of hats is so very becoming to the majority of faces that it will no doubt be very popular.

Toledo young women should not forget that the time for wearing the becoming shirt waist is past. The season is too far advanced for this comfortable garment, and it must be laid away in the chests to remain there until the summer of 1895.

In its place there is the soft dainty silk waist, which is fully as becoming, decidedly more comfortable, and more desirable for the cool October days. Shirt waists, white flannel suits and duck gowns should be relegated to darkened closets, and in their places silk vests and dark wool or silk gowns prevail.

A Gambler's Superstition.

They were playing a quiet rubber of whist and had called for a new deck of cards. One of the players was an old timer, a card player of years of experience, and he took up the old wornout pack and put them on the window sill.

"Throw them in the fire," said the young man who was his partner.

"What!" said the elder. "Throw a pack of cards in the fire? Young man, you don't know what you are talking about. I wouldn't do it for $1,000."

"Why not?" "Superstition," was the answer. "Burn a pack of cards, and they'll never give you another hand and will mock you to the last. They're bad enough at best, but you never saw a gambler curse the cards or abuse them, or burn them or otherwise illtreat them. He doesn't dare to. I knew a 'successful' card player who did it. He was dwelling on velvet in a year he was a beggar, and he never won a game worth mentioning forever after. It's a whim, but the gentlemen of the cloth of green respect it. They won't burn a pack of cards."

Association of Ideas.

To remember one thing, connect it with another. That is a very good rule in mnemonics but it needs to be observed with caution. An exchange reports a school-room dialogue.

Teacher—"With whom did Achilles fight at the battle of Troy?"

Pupil—"Pluto."

Teacher—"Wrong. Try again."

Pupil—"Nero."

Teacher—"Nero! How do you——"

Pupil—"Then it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three dags."—Youth's Companion.

Retaining Esteem for Him.

The Versifier (reproachfully)—So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me!

The Girl—Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it. —Chicago Record.

Lighting the Funeral Pyres.

A Greek or Roman funeral pyre was always lighted by the next of kin, who, with his face averted, applied the torch. —Boston Transcript.

GEORGIE.

He and Marie Have a Try at Married Life.

deer editur—we had a rele nice time down 2 r house laist toosda. Bil jonson wos down 2 the house an so wos marie greene, and bil sed he thote if we wood pla house it would b a gud game.

u b the papa, gorgie, sed bil, and marie wil be the mama.

wat wil u b, sed marie 2 bil.

oh, he sed, i will be yure doctor or the star border, or alny old thing.

so marei & me started 2 keep house. we had sum old pie plaits 4 dishes an we maid be leve eat and we had a fite about who wood haiv 2 malk the fire and we maid a bed with sum hoss blankits up in the hay loft.

evri few minets bil wood cum in & say he wos visitin an askid us if we had ani children.

an marie sed,

i tel u wat i wil do, i wil run over an get mi dol an then we wil haiv a child.

u cant get a child that way, i sed, u haiv got 2 let the doctor bring it.

wel, bil kin b the doctor, can't he?

bil sed al rite, he wood be the doctor, but we wood haiv 2 saiv up a lot ov moni like his ma an pa did wen they bought him if we wanted to buy a child.

so i went in the house an got sum moni out ov mars poket buk an giv it 2 bil, an he sed he wood go down 2 the corner ov r house and that wood b his ofis an i cud cum 2 him an order the kind ov a baby i wanted.

so wen bil was gone marie an me talked it over. she wanted a blond girl and i wanted a boy with short hair.

then i went down an told bil 2 bring on the baby. he had maries dol in a bag an brought it up.

marie met us at the door.

bil maid b leve he wos mad an sed, woman, woman, u must get 2 bed.

so marie went 2 bed and bil told me 2 go around the blok 4 a walk, an wen i cum bak he sed,

let me congratulate u. here it is.

then he put maries dol in mi arms.

how r u goin 2 feed it? i sed.

wel, sed the doctur, yure wife kant feed it. havent u got a cow down stairs?

i sed we had.

wel, u go milk the cow an evri thing wil b rite.

now, if i had stoped rite thair, the game wood haiv been al rite. i nowed that cow dident like litel boys, but i went down an sat along side of her an started 2 work, wen al ov a suddin she let out al 4 laigs at once an i went hed over heels on the floor. then she tride 2 chew me up an use her horns 4 forks. wen thay got me away from her i was most dead.

ma and pa herd the rakit and rescued me.

wat was u milkin her 4, sed ma.

wel, mi wife coodent feed the child, i sed, so i—

wat, sed pa, wife—child—

oh, we was playin house, i explaned, an i sold the hull business.

wats b cum ov the $2 u give 2 bil, sed ma.

bil was gone an he tuk the moni with him. so had mi wife deserted me most cruely, taken the child with her.

no more matrimony 4 yurs trull.

Gorgie.

—New York Mercury.

EGYPT'S SACRED BEETLE.

An Insect That Invested Those Who Wore It With Rare Powers.

The Egyptian scarabaeus is the most distinguished insect in history, just as the American eagle is the most distinguished bird.

According to Mr. Isaac Myer the scarabaeus was the symbol of an elevated religious idea embracing that of a future life of the human soul, a resurrection of it from the dead, and most likely, of a reward or punishment to it in the future life, based on its conduct in the terrestrial life. Mr. Myer has just written a work on the subject, says the New York World.

Three thousand six hundred years before the birth of Christ, he says, the Egyptians believed in Osiris, an eternal, living God, as is proved by the tomb of Men-Kau-Ra, king of the fourth or Memphite dynasty, builder of the third pryamid at Gizeh.

The Egyptians believed the heart to be the seat of the intellect and source of life, and when it was removed in the process of mummification a model of the scarabaeus was put in its place.

The scarabaeus is a beetle of which there are many varieties. The insect commonly represented by the ancient Egyptians is the ateuchus sacer. It had thirty toes, representing the thirty days of the month, and the movement of the ball, which it constructed and in which it deposited its egg, symbolized, among other things, the action of Ra, the Egyptian sun deity, at midday. The soldier wore the beetle as a charm to increase bravery, and the women to promote fertility. It was supposed that the scarabaeus was exclusively of the male sex, but this was a delusion. In this capacity it represented the creator of the world—self-forgotten and conceived by no female.

It was often portrayed as a passenger in a boat holding the sun in its claws, representing the sun god. The other deities prayed to it.

A great many other powers were symbolized by it, including Ptah, the creative power. It was also used as a seal for the receptacles of valuable things, so that they could not be removed without destroying the sacred emblem.

The mode's of the scarabaeus used by the Egyptians were commonly made of such stones as green basalt granite, lapis lazuli, jasper cornelian amethyst sardonyx, agate and onyx. Many of them were very artistic.

Pharaoh took his signet ring, in which was probably set a scarab, and put it on the hand of Joseph to confer authority on him.

The stone scarabaeus was variously a religious symbol, a charm, a medal struck in honor of some event and a coin. The Egyptians were troubled with no coinage question, for a sacred image on any piece of stone made it money.

Small scarabs are usually found on the breasts of mummies suspended by a wire of gold or worn on the fore finger of the left hand.

The scarab is heard of in Christian writings. St. Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, calls Jesus "the good scarabaeus, who rolled before him the hitherto unshapen mud of our bodies."

It is the larger scarabs which have been found in the place of the heart in the mummy.

Women Who Tempt Thieves.

The latest craze among ladies of fashion takes the form of wearing a miniature watch outside the dress or jacket, suspended by a slender gold chain, which in its turn is attached to a brooch pin, fastened at the collar, says the Philadelphia Times. Anything more calculated to tempt the light-fingered fraternity could scarcely be conceived, especially as many of the watches thus carelessly displayed are of considerable value, many of them being starred with jewels at the back. The result of the latest mode has been what might only naturally be expected. Scores of ladies have been robbed of their precious trinkets within the past week or so, and not a day passes but a theft of this kind is reported to the police in the neighborhood of Regent street and Piccadilly. Many of the robberies have been committed in broad daylight and the thieves have in nearly every instance succeeded in making good their escape. Last evening a lady lost in this way a beautiful demi-hunter valued at £50.

To Please the Public.

Coroner—See here, boys, it won't do to find nobody guilty. The people are getting tired of it, and when a boiler busts up like this one somebody has got to smart for it. Does anybody know when the boiler was built?

Foreman of the Jury—About eighty years ago.

"Good!" Blame the explosion on the fellers that built the boiler."—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Serial Story.

Copyright, 1894.

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

All the way back to the Great Griffin, Huncoat kept saying to himself, "I shall have to get out of this. I shall have to get out of this." He shivered as he thought of the blue-coated agent of the law whom he had seen standing at Mrs. Pendre's gate.

"He'll come to me to-night or to-morrow, I suppose," he said to himself; "and then there'll be no more getting away. If they prove that I was there at all they'll charge me with murdering the woman!"

The reins nearly dropped from his shaking fingers, and he panted and gasped whilst his sight grew dim, and red specks danced about in the air before his eyes.

He drew up his shoulders in a quivering terror. All power of planning dead. The only thought uppermost in his mind, to get away—to fly.

"It may be the gallows," he babbled to himself. "I shall never be able to prove that she fell and I did not throw her down? I daren't face it; I daren't."

Thus all along the road his own thoughts and fears scorched and tortured him. The swish of the wind among the bare branches sounded like a howl of jeers to him. Every passer-by seemed to look at him with accusing eyes. Even the "Good-day, sir," of the passing miners had a sound of treacherous meckery for him.

When he arrived at his office at the Great Griffin his horse was covered with lather, and the man who took the reins from him looked at his master in amazement. Huncoat was generally such a careful driver.

The rising manager walked upstairs to his rooms as in a dream, and sat himself down at his window there. There were but two or three people in the open space in front of the house, and no business was being done there then, the offices having been removed to the Rosemary. An old woman was collecting dry branches for firewood by the roadside opposite, and a miner who had been injured in a recent accident was standing against the big gateway smoking and talking to a young soldier—his son.

Huncoat knew both men perfectly well, but it worried him to see them there. They seemed to look up towards the window and to talk about him. He felt sure about that. And he gnashed his teeth and left the window.

With tottering step he walked to his sideboard, and taking out his decanter of whisky poured out a big glassful. His hand trembled so that he nearly spilt the liquor in the attempt to place it to his lips, but he drank the fiery spirit in great gulps, gasping and sputtering as he sat down again and placed the nearly empty glass on the table beside him.

The fiery drink warmed him. He shivered less, and gloating eyes no longer seemed to stare at him from dark corners. His breathing was heavy and troubled, but his eyes regained some of their natural power, and he reached out a fumbling hand for the glass and took another gulp.

During all this one phrase dinned in his ear, "I must get away—I must get away," and it seemed to weigh upin his brain and to press it as with a scorching hand. His temples throbbed, and he felt as if his head were bursting. His own cowardice mixed so badly with the swiftly coursing heating liquid he had just partaken.

Little by little, as he grew warmer and his fingers shook less, answers seemed to come unbidden to his self-questioning. "What am I to do?" he asked himself. "Get away," was the reply. "How?" he asked. "Take Nellie with you."

The thought came upon him like a flash of bright light in a murky darkness. His cunning had lain latent, smothered beneath the damp covering of his craven terror; but that one thought acted like yeast in an unleavened mass, and in a moment he unknowingly snapped his fingers.

"I've got it!" he cried to himself in a defiant jubilation. "That's it! Yes, that's it!"

He clapped his hands and chuckled. "Yes, yes," he muttered. "I'll elope with Nellie. That will be funny. Nobody can say that I know anything about this beastly business. And if I take Nellie with me they can't say that I'm running away from them."

He rose and paced up and down the room exultantly, triumphantly, with a smile on his still grey face, and gently clapped his hands in self-congratulation.

"Yes," he said to himself, walking unsteadily up and down the room and smiling complacently. "It will be a rare lark. They'll call it an elopement. I don't care whether they call it a romantic elopement or a shameful abduction. They can pay their money and take their choice. But we'll have to think it out carefully. We must trust nothing to chance."

He rang his bell and his man servant came to him.

"Put the pony into the trap," he said, "and drive to the Grange. Tell Miss Usselby that I've sent you for her. Say she need not bring her box as I will send for that. She can bring her bag if she likes. Drive her here, and wait for me down-stairs. Stop!" he said, as the man was about to go. "Peter can put the pair of greys into the phaeton for me, and have them ready as soon as he can."

"That's all right," he said, when the man had left him. "Now to plan it all out carefully. None of your going to France, via Newhaven and Dieppe, or Calais, or Dover, for me, nor any going to America via Liverpool or Queenstown. I'll drive to Davenport. There I'll cross over the river in the ferry, phaeton and all, and the pair of greys will easily take me to Looe. At Looe I'll drop Miss Nellie like a hot potato. I'll walk over to Polperro and get my boat. The weather is lovely and the sea is bound to be calm. It won't take an hour to stock the little boat with provisions for two or three days at least, and I'll make for the French coast about Roscoff. There I'll run the boat ashore, and pretend to be on a walking tour. They'll be clever if they catch me after that."

He ran a still nervously shaking forefinger along the table in irregular lines, as if he were following the points of a map.

"It's under two hundred miles, I know," he said, "and the little boat is as safe as a steamer. I can manage her easily enough, and if it comes to the worst any passing vessel will take me in. But it won't come to that. Now to prepare."

He went to his wardrobe and took down his best overcoat.

"This and the rug will be enough," he said to himself, as he selected a few odds and ends like socks and handkerchiefs and a flannel shirt, and after carefully folding them to the smallest compass stuffed them into a small leather bag.

After that he again went to the decanter for succour, and he sat brooding for nigh on an hour's space while the darkness of the evening crept on, and he found on a sudden that he would not be able to see without artificial light.

"It is late," he said, "and it'll be rough driving up and down the hills to Looe. But it has to be done. It's now or never."

He lighted his candle and opened the big safe. He had barely done so when the noise of fast wheels announced a new arrival. He looked out and saw that his servant had returned with Nellie. The phaeton was already standing in the open space in front of the office, and he opened the window and shouted to his man to put Miss Usselby into the latter vehicle.

"I won't keep you many minutes, my darling," he cried, laying an ostentatious emphasis on the "my darling," so that the men downstairs should take full notice of it. "Don't be impatient."

A sickly smile sat on his face as he kissed his hand to her and shut the window again.

The room was lighted only by the fitful flicker of the candle, and the corner near the door was dark as pitch.

Huncoat while standing at the window had not heard the slow and cautious opening of the door, nor had he seen Mark, who crept into the room as a cat might have done, and stood with his back against the door, with his hand in his overcoat pocket, and with the finger of that hand upon the trigger of his revolver.

Huncoat went to the safe and took out the cash-box. For some time past all the money that came to the Rosemary or to the Usselby estate had been kept in that safe—cheques, notes, gold.

There was another box containing papers.

Huncoat placed the two side by side on the table and opened the one containing the mammy first. He looked at these by the yellow light of the candle and placed some of them in his bag, others in his pocket.

Then he opened the cashbox and turned its contents on the table, a couple of sovereigns rolling for a space, being stopped only by Huncoat's out-stretched hands.

A peel of laughter like that of an ape, and the sound of a bodily presence made Huncoat turn in a new fright, when he saw Mark glaring like a fiend, with chatternig teeth and groping hands, moving towards him stealthily, with head bent forward as a panther might have done. One bony, shaking hand held the revolver, and as Huncoat gave one ghastly glance of horror, he could see the bullets in the chambers.

He suppressed a cry and jumped aside.

"What do you want?" he gasped; "What do you want with me?"

The muzzle of the revolver was on a level with Huncoat's head, and the wretched man attempted to dodge it. The fingers of Mark's unoccupied hand fumbled among the notes and the gold on the table, and he grinned like a demon gloating over his prey.

"You robber! You thief!" he snarled. "All this money is mine, and I've come to pay you now!"

A flash, and a smeary red rain spattered all over Mark Usselby's face, and Huncoat jumped wildly into the air, fell with a thud against the corner of the table, and then rolled over and lay on his back, quite still, without a cry.

Mark wiped the horrid moisture from his face, and chuckling again in his impish glee, replaced the revolver in his pocket, and rushed down stairs.

Nellie heard the shot, and had wondered what it meant, but a terrible awe took possession of her, when on a sudden a man leaped onto the phaeton by her side, and snatched the reins from her hands. In the self-same flash of time she recognized her father, and she thought her senses were leaving her, while the horses—started by a savage swish of the whip—darted away.

"What has happened?" she cried. "For God's sake, what has happened, father?"

Mark for all reply whipped the horses, and cried, chucklink:

"I've paid him! I've paid the villain! Hurrah! I've paid the scoundrel! Hurrah!"

Nellie, with her hand on her heart, and tears in her eyes, gripped the side of the vehicle as the horses flew on, urged on their mad career.

Slash! slash! slash! went the whip, and the phaeton at one moment dashed over stones, and the next swerved and bounded against the side of the road. On, on, through the night, Mark laughing the more wildly, and Nellie feeling her body grow numb and cold with terror. Wayfarers passing on the road stepped aside in wonderment, and cries of stop him! stop him! stop him! followed the carriage.

A few men were standing in front of the Three Jolly Boatmen Inn. They had heard the cries and saw the phaeton coming towards them at its insane pace. One of them darted out to get at the horses' heads, but quickly flew back as Mark flashed up to them, swishing his whip and laughing like an ape, as he had been doing all along.

On a sudden a sickening smash was heard. One of the wheels had caught the sign post solidly fixed into the ground in front of the inn. The frame work of the carriage burst in pieces, and a moment afterwards the horses freed from control were flying up the road without a burden in their traces.

The men as they stepped forward picked up poor Nellie and Mark, who had been flung out on the hard ground.

"It be a pity for she," said one of the men. "She be a pretty creature and a kind one. But the old skallywag haint got-n more than he deserves."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Summer again. Laughing, golden, sunshiny, blossom-laden summer.

At Usselby Grange the smoke curled again from the chimneys of the lodge at the gate. The gravel of the carriage road leading to the house was neat and clean. The laurels, the rhododendrons, the cedars, and the monkey trees on either side of the avenue, rose from thick borders of yellow margnerites, of clustering marigolds, and sweet-scented heliotrope, with here and there a foxglove or hollyhock towering between.

The lawn was as smooth and as green as ever it had been. The plantation of sunflowers waved like a golden-crested sea at one end. The dogs lay on the sward as idly as ever they had done, basking in the balmy sunshine.

The Grange had become itself again. As under a magic touch, disorder, decay, and dust and dirt had vanished, and the old walls were heavy with their burden of a myriad roses.

In the greenhouses and the vineries the gardeners were at work again. In the stables a score of horses munched their oats. In the kitchens, and all over the house the servants swarmed again—the same servants who had one and all walked out of it on that fatal autumn afternoon.

Peace again. Homely, unobtrusive, smiling peace. The old place and the garden hummed with it. An English home which nature had blessed, and which had again become a home indeed.

On the terrace in front of the lawn two young ladies were seated—Grace and Nellie. Nellie, with thin face and drawn lips, and eyes into which months of suffering had infused a light of weary impatience. She was reclining on an invalid chair, and the little thin, white hands gripped the wicker arms on either side of her.

Grace sat by her side, an open book on her lap, looking tenderly upon her cousin.

"You are much better dear, to-day," she said. "I can see you are. There is just a tint of color on your lips, and your eyes are brighter. You will soon be well again."

Nellie looked at Grace, and a grateful tear stole down her cheek.

"You are all so kind to me," she said, "and neither I nor poor father deserved it."

"Don't talk of that," replied Grace. "We are only too glad to see you able to be about again. You will soon be strong enough to walk, and then you will get on swimmingly."

Nellie's eyes were fixed on the ground, and the little fingers tapped the wicker arms.

"Do you think," she asked with nervous hesitation, "that I will soon be able to walk?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Grace. "Why?"

"Because,"—another tear crept down the pale cheek, and the hands tapped more excitedly—"because I should like to put—but there, you'll be angry, I know, and I don't like to offend you, you've been so good."

Grace bent over the white face, and looked into the pleading eyes, and kissed the cold cheek.

"I shan't be offended at anything you may wish to do, dear," she said gently. "Why should I?"

The little cold hand clutched Grace's. "Promise you won't be offended," said Nellie, and the tears flowed more copiously, "but I should like to go and put a flower on his grave."

Grace kissed the grey lips again and smiled.

"You still love him then, even now that he is dead?" she said, pressing Nellie's hand.

"I know now that he was a bad man," said the weak voice. "But he was the only man who ever said a word of kindness to me—except poor dad, and of course he was always so worried that one could not expect much kindness from him."

There was a pause of a moment, then Grace said tenderly:

"I can understand you. I thought I knew what woman's love meant, but I did not know it until now. You shall go and put your flowers on his grave this moment the doctor allows you. And what is more, though he did my poor Frank so much harm when he was alive, the gardener shall take to the place for you any flowers you may now select."

The tears flowed in war mand grateful plenty then, and a smile of painful harpiness beamed on Nellie's face.

She was about to stretch out a hand of thanks, when Grace stopped her.

"There now, you must not excite yourself, my dear. That shall be a condition. He shall have your flowers, but we can't allow you to retard your recovery by thinking of him too much."

The basest of men are often the cause of tears of loving regret. Huncoat had been but a sorry rogue. He had had no thought but of trickery for the girl who still kept his memory so green. Yet the remembrance of him loosened the well-strings of a woman's fond tears.

Poor Nellie! the widowed, unwedded bride of a cheat. Her simple heart knew little of the world's wickedness. To her the murdered trickster was a hero for the few kind words which he alone, of all men, had whispered to her.

Just then the carriage drove up to the terrace, and the horses pawed the ground, champing their bits.

Nellie's eyes wandered towards the drawing-room, where a moment or two afterwards Mrs. Usselby appeared, followed by her husband.

The old lady's face was paler than it had been, and her hair was a silvery white. The smile was as sweet as ever, and it radiated on her face, as she bent over and kissed Nellie.

"You are a wonder, my child," said Mrs. Usselby. "Doctor Granger says it is nearly miraculous that you are getting well so fast. We shall soon have you as bright and as blythe again as ever you have been."

Nellie took her aunt's hand and pressed a long kiss upon it.

"I am so ashamed of myself," she said. "I have been so wicked to you, and you have repaid all with loving kindness."

"There now," urged the old lady. "That will never do. That subject is forbidden. Isn't it, Ralph?"

And the old gentleman tapped his niece on the shoulder and beamed his brightest.

"You must be a good child, Nellie," he said, "and do exactly as your aunt tells you. That's all we want from you. We want you to get well and strong and be happy."

A thought dimly crossed Nellie's mind, but she dared not express it.

Would she ever be happy again? Would she ever be as happy as on that evening when, with his arm around her waist she had nestled close to him—the dear, the unforgettable, beloved dead traitor—when her head had lain on his bosom and rested there in sweet comfort.

Ah, that was past, to be treasured in the memory, but not to be hoped for again.

"Grace and I will have to leave you for a while," said Ralph, "and your aunt will take charge of you, my dear. You will be under good care."

Nellie smiled her thanks, and Grace having dressed herself for the journey, entered the carriage with her uncle.

Along the road to the Great Griffin offices the cottagers greeted them with shy welcomes. Even the children cried "Hurrah for the Squire!" in tiny voices, as they flashed past.

The sunshine seemed to have come into the landscape again. None but happy faces along the road.

At the Great Griffin offices a vast crowd of miners was assembled, and they raised such a cheer as only an English throng can give when Ralph Usselby and Grace drove up to the gates.

Frank was standing on the steps to meet them, together with Robertson, the consulting engineer.

"It's right, dad," said Frank, when the old gentleman had alighted. "The Great Griffin is worth as much as ever it has been. It's tin now, instead of copper, as I knew it would be, although we had to go down nigh on a quarter of a mile for it. Mr. Robertson there will confirm me."

"It's quite right, Mr. Usselby," said the engineer. "There's a fortune in the mine still, and it'll give work to hundreds. We have struck as rich a lode of tin as any in Devonshire or Cornwall."

"I'm glad of it," said Ralph, quietly. "Not so much for myself as for you, my boy, and for you, my girl, and for the men to whom it will give daily bread. What about the Rosemary, though? Has that man Macintosh come?"

"He's upstairs, dad," said Frank, "waiting for you."

M

IN THIS VICINITY.

COUNTRY ELECTRIC ROADS.

Findlay to Bowling Green and Then to Perrysburg.

Bowling Green, O., Oct. 22.—There is a feeling here that the McKnight electric line between this place and Perrysburg is quite a feasible project and that it may materialize entirely within the bounds of Mr. McKnight's promise. The right of way has now been entirely procured with the exception of the short space within the incorporation of Perrysburg, which the council of that village refuse to grant unless Mr. McKnight will shorten the length of time within which the road is to be completed and in operation. This feature will be easily overcome.

The latest talk in connection with the scheme is to the effect that the road will likely be extended to North Baltimore. The citizens of the south end of the county are very anxious, anyway, to be considered in the deal and will do their part toward giving the road a good patronage.

On this same subject it may be said that R. M. Donnelly, of Findlay, is now engaged in getting a right of way for an electric road to connect this place and Findlay. No difficulty is experienced whatever in getting what is wanted and if the procurement of the right of way guarantees us the proposed road, is will not be long until one may travel from Findlay through North Baltimore, Bowling Green and Perrysburg to Toledo, entirely by electric car.

FARMER'S WIFE ELOPES.

Runs Away From Home With His Near Neighbor.

Upper Sandusky, O., Oct. 22.—During the absence of Hiram Hartmell, a prominent young farmer of Mifflin township, on Saturday, his wife and another young farmer, named Frank Robey, who had been paying her sly attention, packed their trunks and went to Lancaster, ostensibly on a visit. When Hartmell returned he took after them and had them arrested, charging them, one with adultery and the other with fornication. They were brought here and taken before Mayor Ingard. On advice of their attorneys, they waived examination, and were bound over to court.

ROBBERY AT ATTICA.

Store and Postoffice Both Burglarized.

Tiffin, O., Oct. 17.—The general store of Silcox & Rininger, in Attica, was entered last night, the safe dynamited, and nearly $300 in cash, besides many negotiable notes, taken. The postoffice was also burglarized, but little booty secured. Pat Deasy, a burglar who escaped from the Tiffin jail a year ago, has been seen in the village, and it is thought that he was in the job, and also the Keller robbery near there two weeks ago.

DIVORCE AND DEATH.

Beginning a Divorce Suit at Defiance Brings Death.

Defiance, O., Oct. 18.—John Annette was made the defendant in a divorce suit yesterday, and at 1 o'clock to-day he took strychnine and died in a few moments. He was coaxing his wife to come back to him to-day, the conversation being held on the principal street of the city and heard by many. She told him to attend to his own business, as she would have nothing more to do with him. He went to his house and took the poison. Both parties are young. They had no children.

A Preacher Sues for Divorce.

Wabash, Ind., Oct. 18.—In the Wells circuit court Rev. J. W. Porter, the unfrocked clergyman of the Baptist church at Liberty Center, crowned his sensational career by filing suit for divorce from his wife, Alice. Porter, who was lately expelled from the church for picking the pocket of Miss Lizzie Sparks, of Banquo, of $50, claims that his wife caused als disgrace, charging him with crimes of which he was innocent, asserting that he had put poison in her coffee and was a kleptomaniac. He claims she vilely abused him and was wasteful and extravagant.

A Farmer Cannot Find His Barn.

Kokomo, Ind., Oct. 22.—The large farm barn of Capt. J. R. Nation, this county, disappeared in a singular manner Friday while he was at town attending the Harrison meeting, vanishing as though swallowed up by the earth. There was no storm in the neighborhood, nor were any of the buildings near by molested. Capt. Nation thinks a small whirlwind dipped down from the clouds and carried the structure away.

Anti-Saloon League Sustained.

Bowling Green, O., Oct. 17.—The probate court has overruled the motion to quash the Anti-Saloon league cases now pending, and the war will go on. Mr. James has made a gallant fight so far, and intends to fight it out, if it takes all year. Both sides are hopeful, and an adjustment of the cases will not soon be effected.

Anti-Saloon League at Defiance.

Defiance, Oct. 17.—The Anti-Saloon league, of this city, is making a bitter fight against the liquor traffic. A number of arrests for violating the Sunday law were made. The Catholic churches of the city have joined with the Protestants in an effort to suppress the saloons, and the Liquor Dealers' association has declared their intention of appealing the cases to the higher courts and make a determined fight to maintain their business.

Ohio Pensions Granted.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The following Ohioans were pensioned:

Original—Frank Thomas, Winona, Columbiana; Frederick P. Voshum, Arnheim, Brown; Melvin M. Wakeman, Lindenville, Ashtabula; William E. Barnes, Blake's Mills, Tuscarawas; Ephraim Clemens, Williams Center, Williams.

Additional—William McMillan, Massillon, Stark; Charles A. Cushman, Woodstock Champaign; Henry S. Chambers, New Concord, Muskingum.

Renewal—Elisha Coleman, Lynden, Ross.

Increase—John Frazer, Salineville, Columbiana; Benjamin Green, Cambridge, Guernsey; John Blythe, Grover Hill, Paulding; Wright B. Taylor, Newark, Licking; Robert J. Kelso, Chillicothe, Ross; John C. Clayman, Urbana, Champaign; Jacob Fisher, Middleport, Meigs.

Original Widows, etc.—Eliza A. Kindar, Corning, Perry; Margaret L. Roman, Sauteford, Gallia; Adlia Campbell, Edison, Morrow; Sarah J. Lewis, Chillothe, Ross; Catharine Palmestock, Springfield, Clark; William Massie (father), Pedro, Lawrence.

Original—Washington Garnhart, Tiro, Crawford; Albertus Carver, Little Montauk, Lake; Horace Fuller, Ambolia, Ashtabula.

Additional—Benjamin Brosey, Medway, Clark.

Renewal—Peter Conway, Lakewood, Cuyahoga.

Renewal and Increase—Milton H. Ellis, Bartlett, Washington.

Increase—Albert Roepke, Akron, Summit; Wm. H. Bishop, Zanesville, Muskingum; John Barnes, Georgetown, Brown; John Bub, Sr., Sailor Soldier's Home, Erie; Samuel Kready, New Pittsburg, Wayne; George Bell, North Salem, Guernsey; Frederick Pool, Paulding; Alfred Fielding, Albert Greenford, Mahoning; George W. Miller, Ottawa, Putnam.

Re-issue—James R. Cox, National Military Home, Dayton; Isaac Winkelman, Akron, Summit; Isaac M. Smith, Mount Gilead, Morrow; Samuel W. Cole, Dayton, Montgomery; Pernilee C. Allen, Utica, Licking; Thomas Southard, Mt. Sterling, Madison.

Original Widows, etc.—Mary Douglass, Cleveland, Cuyahoga; Barbara Thompson, Yoho, Gallia; Katie Varnell, Shelby, Richland; Maria Fiscus, Cincinnati, Hamilton; Melvina Rhez, Addison, Gallia; Sarah J. Harmes, Wharton, Wyandot; Margaret Waddell (mother), Mt. Vernon, Knox.

Original—Charles A. Spieth, Ehart Medina; Owen W. Reed, Thornville, Perry; Henry M. Minnick, West Brookfield, Stark; Nimrod Pumphrey, Moorefield, Harrison; Robert L. Walker, Pound, Mahoning; Wilson Wells, Coshocton, Coshocton.

Additional—Charles F. Gleason, Dull, Van Wert; John Fitzsimmons, National Military Home, Montgomery; Francis Dudley, Newark, Licking; Alvo B. Hendricks, Metamora, Fulton; Smith G. Moody, Tritchelphia, Morgan.

Supplemental—George Dininger, Galatea, Wood.

Increase—Joseph W. Brown, Woodfield, Monroe; Loring Noland, Canesville, Washington; George M. Turner, Franklin Station, Coshocton; Henry Diebler, West Salem, Wayne; Wm. D. Johnson, Tobosco, Garrett; Mahlon Gray, Stewartsville, Belmont; James C. Compton, Buena Vista, Scioto; Henry D. Hanger, West Liberty, Logan.

Re-issue—Edward Benton, Decorah, Logan; George W. Watts, Sonora, Muskingum; Jacob A. Barr, Croton, Licking.

Original Widows, etc.—Sarah C. Fowler, Dayton, Montgomery; Helena P. Carson, Columbus, Franklin; Lizzie F. Eppert, Amelia, Clermont; Dorcas E. Crabtree, Grahamsville, Jackson; minors of John F. Payne, Circleville, Pickaway; Frederick Oeder, Cincinnati, Hamilton; Katharine Ohlmer, Hamilton, Butler.

Mexican War Survivors, Increase—Albert Boyd McIlvain, National Military Home, Montgomery.

Original—James N. Clark, St. Martin's, Brown; John G. Theis, Marietta, Washington.

Additional—William T. Hyatt, Gambier, Knox.

Renewal—John Rehl, Napoleon, Henry.

Renewal and Increase—John Neeb, Cincinnati, Hamilton; Charles Hosier, Dayton, Montgomery.

Renewal and Reissue—Edward W. Timmons, Circleville, Pickaway.

Increase—John T. B. Leatherman, Harrod, Allen; Christopher K. Buckmasmaster, Leipsic, Putnam; Constant Markel, Wooster, Wayne; Maurice Bradfield, West Jefferson, Madison; Charles W. Strobe, Greenfield, Highland; Edwin Brock, Norwich, Muskingum.

Reissue—Jerome A. Baker, Conneaut, Ashtabula; John W. Wright, Willow Creek, Coshocton; George G. Crane, Bethel, Clermont; John Greer, Carey, Wyandot; Thomas Preston, London, Madison; Charles Glendening (deceased) Burton, Geauga; Finley W. Taylor, Makeup, Athens; James M. Bennett, Huntsville, Logan; Samuel H. Moore, Runkle, Williams.

Original Widows, etc.—Caroline E. Peese, Peesburg, Brown; Malinda Hesse, Steubenville, Jefferson; Isabella Teel, Ava, Noble; Margaret Beck, Louisville, Stark; Ella Willford, Sterling, Wayne; Rosa Distel, Cincinnati, Hamilton; Jane Wheeler, Bingham, Monroe; minor of William Meyer, Cincinnati, Hamilton; William Hawk (father), Belle Vernon, Wyandot.

Original—James Gannon, Lansaster, Fairfield; Spencer Miller, Bellefontaine, Logan; Henry Hollabaugh, Calla, Mahoning; Robert J. Dean, Otway, Scioto; James L. Cushman, Springfield, Clark; Jane Johnson (nurse), Cincinnati, Hamilton.

Additional—James Kelly, Columbus, Franklin; Conrad Wertz, New Harrisburg, Carroll; William Hammond, Chandlersville, Muskingum; Samuel McCulloch, Yellow Springs, Greene.

Renewal—Charles W. Stearns, Liberty Center, Henry.

Renewal and Increase — Michael Rearke, Madeira, Hamilton.

Renewal, Reissue and Increase—Sampson T. Graves, Athica, Seneca.

Increase—Barney O'Connor, Johnstown, Licking; Robert W. Hanna, Antrim, Gurnsey; Michael Kelly, Middletown, Butler; George W. Crout, Fayette, Fulton; Hylas Wood, Marysville, Union; James Newman, Bellefontaine, Logan.

Reissue—David Benson, Efort, Scioto; John W. Dillinger, Lysander, Athens; William Woodman, London, Madison; Jacob Turney, Struthers, Mahoning; George H. May, Marion, Marion; John J. Clark, Canton, Stark.

Reissue and Increase—Jacob Sherwood, Richmondale, Ross.

Original Widows, etc.—Elizabeth Morgan, Nelsonville, Athens; Charity Landrum, Richmandale, Ross.

Mexican War Survivors—Increase—Henry G. Sterling, Ironton, Lawrence.

REAL ART IN BEGGING.

The Beggar's First Step Is to Get the Attention of His Victim.

The professional beggar in New York uses various devices to get a hearing, for if he can once gain the attention of his intended victim he has taken the first step toward success, according to the New York Herald.

"Can you direct me to Nineteenth street and Seventh avenue?" asked a poorly dressed woman whom I met in Fourteenth street.

"You had best take the elevated road at the corner and get off at Ninety-third street," I answered.

"How far is it?"

"About four miles," I said.

"That's a long ways to walk and I haven't a cent. Could you give me a nickel to pay my fare?"

Within three days I again met the woman at the same place, with the same story.

"Do you speak German?" asked a young woman with a Teutonic countenance, in good English.

"I do not."

"I live in Hoboken. Could you lend me three cents to pay my ferriage, as I haven't a cent. I will pay it to some one who is hard up as I am."

Twice since then the same man has started the same conversation with me, but he gets no further than the first question.

A woman was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue, gazing intently at the Jefferson Market tower.

"My poor old eyes are not much good," she said in soliloquy, and then, turning to me, asked: "Can you see what time it is by that clock?"

"Half-past nine."

"So late, Mister, could you give a poor woman a few cents?"

At 10 o'clock she was still at her post.

"Be careful if you go in there," said a genteel appearing man, as I approached the entrance to a place of amusement.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have just come out, and find I have my pocket picked, and I have to go to Yonkers to get home. Could you lend me half a dollar? I will return it."

I watched the man until he had collected two half dollars.

"Did you drop these, sir?" asked a boy as he ran up behind me with a pair of cheap eyeglasses in his hand.

"No. They are not mine."

"I am sorry, boss, for I thought you might give me a few cents, as I have had nothing to eat to-day."

Two other men were approached in the same manner before I had walked a block. One evening as I turned from Grand street into the Bowery a man who was approaching dropped a coin at my feet, and I had to stop to prevent a collision with him as he stopped to pick it up.

"Nearly lost my nickel," he said, "and I am trying to get another to pay for a night's lodging. Could you help a poor fellow out?"

Very likely he got his lodging.

A Dissecting-Room Triumph.

Every one knows that the nerves in the human body are almost without number, threading every part of the system. The difficulty of dissecting to preserve these nerves can, therefore, be imagined. In a glass case in the museum of Hahnemann College is shown the entire human cerebro-spinal nervous system, every nerve arranged in its proper order, and all intact. This remarkable piece of dissecting is the work of Dr. R. B. Weaver, one of the college professors. It took him six months, working eight hours a day, to accomplish the work. He received in recognition an official ribbon from the World's Fair, where the work was exhibited. Every nerve emanating from the brain and spine has been preserved, and the subject looks like a fish net in the case. Some of the nerves are quite thick and others as fragile, seemingly, as a spiderweb.

Called to the Ministry.

Good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher:

"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—Christian Sentinel.

A Big Crop.

A man who resides near Rockland had a small barn. A few years ago he had a big crop of hay, and one of his neighbors asked him where he was going to put it. "I think," said he, "that I'll stack what I can outdoors and put the rest in the barn."—Lewiston Journal.

All Run Down

Was my condition, says Mr. Wm. Weatherford, tax collector at Key West, Florida. My

Mr. Wm. Weatherford

appetite was poor and I was quite miserable. I have taken 6 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, am much better, have gained in weight, have no distress after eating, have good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Protection and Free Trade.

N. L. F., Willington, Kan.: The following is a comparison between the eras of free trade and protection in our history. It is a summary of history, and can not be gainsaid by any one:

1783 to 1789—Free trade—After the war of the revolution the states retained the power to place a tariff on foreign manufactured goods. The highest duty was from 2½ to 5 per cent, which brought idleness, poverty, suspension of the payments of debts and bankruptcy to the states and nation.

1789 to 1816—Protection — Protective tariff laws adopted under the constitution, followed by resumption of work. Commerce and business flourished, money plenty and the war of 1812 successfully waged.

1816 to 1824—Revenue tariff—Suspension of manufactures, stagnation of business, idleness and distress of workingmen, high prices for foreign goods, and low prices for American; deficit in national Treasury.

1824 to 1832—Jacksonian protection—Industries established and employment plenty, so that Jackson was justified in saying: "Our country presents on every side marks of prosperity and happiness unequaled, perhaps, in any portion of the world."

1832 to 1842—Calhoun revenue tariff—Workshops closed and souphouses opened, corn burned for fuel, the sheriff the only salesman, a Treasury deficit, the people, states and nation bankrupt.

1842 to 1856—Whig Protective tariff—Work and wages increased, good prices for farm products, universal prosperity.

1850 to 1861—Democratic free trade—Factories closed, wages reduced, "wildcat, stump-tail" currency, revenue dropped one-half, foreign goods dear, farm products cheap; the people, states and nation without credit.

1861 to 1872—Republican protective tariff—War for the Union waged successfully, army and navy created, industries established, highest wages ever paid to labor, the nation's wealth doubled, the slaves freed, peace restored, the people prosperous beyond those of any other nation on earth.

1872 to 1876—Reform tariff—Tariff reduced 10 per cent, idleness, poverty, riots, until the reduction was repealed and specie payments resumed.

1876 to 1893—Protective tariff—Increase of industries; greatest prosperity ever enjoyed by any people.

1893 and 1894—Democratic free trade—Panic, poverty and unparalleled business depression; riots and bankruptcy; wages reduced; public debt increased; deficit in the revenue; the severest lesson of the century.

If the reader will glance over the foregoing resume he will realize how calamity and distress followed every move toward free trade as the night the day. And he can not avoid perceiving how equally unvarying has been the return of happiness and prosperity with the adoption of the American policy of protection for American homes, workshops and farms. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When we have had Republican protection there has been abundant pudding for Americans to eat. When we have tried Democratic free trade we have had nothing but the bitterest end of reflection to chew on.

Coinage of Silver Dollars.

R. W., Drenn, Va., writes: "The Democratic speakers are telling the people that there was no silver coined under Harrison's administration, that this Congress has had it coined by the wholesale, and that the country will soon be flooded with it. There is a great number of people who believe it."

President Harrison was elected in 1888, and took his seat March 4, 1889. The official reports of the director of the mint gives the coinage of silver dollars for the four years of his administration as follows, for the fiscal year, which ends on June 30 of the year named:

1889.....	$ 34,651,811
1890.....	48,021,644
1891.....	56,232,842
1892.....	8,259,467
Total.....	$147,257,781

Cleveland was elected in 1892, and inaugurated on March 4, 1893. Late in September of this year, Secretary Carlisle made an official statement that, up to that time, there had been coined, since Cleveland was president, only $1,597,223 in silver dollars. See Weekly Blade of October 4, page 4, fourth column, article headed "Coining Silver Dollars."

Cleveland's Antagonism to Silver.

A. D., Flagstaff, Ariz., writes: "I have made a wager that, during the time when either the repeal of the Sherman law or the seigniorage bill was under consideration, President Cleveland asserted that he would not, as a compromise measure, sign a bill which provided for the coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1, 20 to 1, 25 to 1, or anything to one. Kindly state when he made this assertion, and just what he said, and the circumstances."

A president of the United States would be severely criticised if he were to say what he would do with a bill before Congress had passed it. Were he to say that, if Congress passed a certain bill, he would veto it, he would be charged with endeavoring to unduly intimidate Congress. So, when the president desires to influence legislation, he makes his views known to the man or men in each house who are understood to be his friends, and perhaps his mouthpieces; and they do all they can to either prevent the passage of the bill, or to promote its passage, as the case may be. It was certainly intimated in this way that Cleveland would sign no bill whatever for the free coinage of silver.

Railroads in Receiver's Hands.

T. G., Dana, N. C.: On June 1, 1894, railroad companies operating 47,648 miles were, according to a letter from the managing editor of Poor's Manual, in the hands of receivers. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, however, the roads in the hands of receivers June 30, 1894, numbered 165, which owned one year ago a mileage of 29,568.280 miles, representing a total capital of $2,370,341,655, or 22.56 per cent of the total railroad capital in the United States. It will be noted that Poor gives as the mileage of roads in the hands of receivers June 1, 1894, 47,648 miles, while the commission gives the mileage at 29,568 miles. This is a big discrepancy, and the only way we account for it is in the fact that the commission speaks of "mileage owned," while Poor speaks of mileage operated. Now, if the 29,568 miles of road owned represented 22.56 per cent of the total railroad capital of the country, it is reasonable, we suppose, to infer that the 47,648 miles of road operated represented 35 per cent of the total railroad mileage. In short, 35 per cent, over one-third, of the railroad mileage of the country was, June 1, in the hands of receivers.

Our Merchandise Trade.

W. S., Jewell, Kan., and J. T. M., Austin, Tex.: The following table gives the total of our exports and imports of merchandise for the ten fiscal years ending June 30, 1894:

	Exports.	Imports.
1884.....	$ 740,513,609	$667,697,693
1885.....	742,189,755	577,527,329
1886.....	679,524,830	635,436,136
1887.....	716,185,271	692,319,787
1888.....	695,954,507	723,957,114
1889.....	742,401,375	745,131,952
1890.....	857,828,884	789,310,400
1891.....	884,480,810	844,916,196
1892.....	1,050,278,148	827,862,462
1893.....	847,665,194	866,400,922
1894.....	869,207,941	654,995,151

Tariffs and Trusts.

A. M., Toledo, Ill.: The tariff plays no part of any importance in the matter of trusts and combines. England is a free trade country, but, as James G. Blaine said, "She is plastered all over with trusts." The greatest trust in this country is the Standard Oil trust, on which no tariff has any influence. The same is true of the great Cottonseed Oil trust, and it is true with all the great trusts of the country.

Miscellaneous.

E. R., New Market, Md.: We have not the full census report as yet, and hence can not give the figures.

J. E., Millersburg, O.: We have no means of knowing why Master Workman Sovereign is a Democrat. Probably the Journal of the Knights of Labor, published at Chicago, could tell you.

B. G. M., Collinsville, Ill.: We do not believe the purchasing power of gold has advanced since 1873. If land has decined, it is because farming is overdone, and is no longer so profitable as it was 30 years ago.

W. E. D., Balsam, Pa.: In the Weekly Blade of September 27, on the 4th page, in an editorial article entitled "The Ohio Democratic Platform," we answered your question as to the effect of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

D. C. W., St. Joseph, Mo.: The duty on raw sugar, under the present tariff, is not protective. Hence the bounty is preferred by the sugar planters. It is not protective for the reason that a fence two feet high won't keep stray cattle out of your clover field.

M. L. Y., Weston, Mo.: There was no issue of bonds under Harrison, nor were any plates for them engraved during his administration. This is a silly Democratic lie, which we have shown up again and again.

W. F. M., Bear Creek, Tex.: We have not marked reports of cotton prices back in the '60s, but it was higher then than now, because we were almost the only producers in the world. The war gave an enormous impetus to the cultivation of cotton in India and elsewhere, and for years the price has been downward, because the supply is so very abundant.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

Matter, Ether and Motion, by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, the author of The Telephone, The Art of Projecting, etc., is a book of such worth to the community that it has been revised and enlarged and a new edition issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. In it a complete resume is given of mechanical principles worked out through all the departments of physics. The author brings forward several new physical laws which the later studies have have brought to his attention. There are new Phenomena, new explanations, and new conclusions; as, when it is shown, how it happens that chemical action can go on in the absence of heat; that crystallization is a necessary consequence of the vibration of elastic atoms; that there can be no such thing as Light; how Ether waves are set up by electro-magnetic action and how all the phenomena of Matter, including itself, may be explained on the assumption that it is a mode of motion of the Ether. The author also shows, or endeavors to do so, that energy is involved in the phenomena presented in spiritual seances and that therefore they must be amenable to physical laws. The volume is valuable to all interested in physics.

Another book, also from Lee & Shepard, is The Boy's Own Guide to Fishing Tackle Making and Fish Breeding, by John Harrington Keene, the author of The Boy's Own Fisherman, etc. The volume gives the information which the majority of boys long for who are near sheets of water that permit this sport. The style of the author is excellent, and as he has been long and successful in fishing, it renders the work so much more valuable. It is well illustrated by diagrams which show how to do those things which are likely to puzzle the young angler.

A Modern Magdalene, by Virna Woods, is also published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The subject of this story is to show the great injustice of society towards woman; how social ostracism often drives those who have noble qualities into lives of hopeless degradation. The scene is laid in California and the plot is developed there. The moral is not left to be guessed, or even to be intellectually appreciated.

The Search for Andrew Field is a story of the times of 1812, by Everett T. Tomlinson, which is published in Lee & Shepard's War of 1812 series. The object of the author of this volume is to give the young people an insight into the conditions of the times of 1812, a history of the war and a glimpse at the results, and this object is attained through the medium of the succeeding volumes in The War of 1812 Series of which The Search for Andrew Field is the first. It is well known that one of the causes of the war was "the right of search" claimed and carried out by Great Britain and as a result this Andrew Field was "passed."

The College Woman, by Charles Franklin Thwing, LL. D., president of the College for Women of Western Reserve University, author of "American Colleges, Their Students and Work," "Hints to College Wills," etc., is published by The Baker & Taylor Co., 7 East Sixteenth street, New York City. President Thwing's last published work, "Hints to College Wills," and properly have been called The College Man. The present book makes a sister volume which the author is in every way qualified to write. His life as a student at Harvard and Yale, as professor in Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, at Cleveland, together with the exhaustive study devoted to the details and statistics of nearly every phase of college experience, and the special care done on his book, entitled The Family, have thoroughly fitted him to treat, with exceptional title to be heard, the subject of the young woman who seeks cultivation at college, both in relation to the family at home and the artificial family within college walls.

The Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics, by Baron Nils Posse, M. G., is a volume devoted to systematic physical training. The author was formerly one of the leading teachers of the system in Stockholm and is therefore well fitted to write such a work as this one which is now presented in a revised and enlarged form which renders it the most complete and practical treatise on Educational Gymnastics now before the public in the English language. The book is very fully illustrated, an analytical chart of the system by aid of the exemplifications and directions persons of ordinary intelligence can lay out a course of simple exercises for themselves. Teachers in schools, public and private, physicians, athletes and others interested in the development of an exact science of bodily culture, will find in his work a full exposition of the marvelous progress recently made in this important department of education.

An Everyday Mystery.

Every one who carries on a correspondence of considerable dimensions has often wondered what it is which informs him, even before he breaks the seal of a strange letter, of the general tenor of its contents. It may be from a town with which he is unfamiliar; the handwriting on the cover may be unknown; there may be no printed sign to enlighten him; but upon the instant of seeing it he has decided, and decided rightly, whether good or bad news is contained in this mysterious missive.

There is something positively uncanny about the certainty with which the epistle bearing good tidings proclaims its mission, even before you have read your own name upon the outside of it. Is it charged with electricity, or magnetism, or some undiscovered occult force? Did you ever mistake it?

And the advertisement! It may be addressed in the most ordinary and inconspicuous hand, or by a Spencerian expert, it may come in a plain envelope, or it may be lettered and colored like a circus poster. In either case its force is understood the moment the eye falls upon it.

The invitation to a party is equally unmistakable. It may be engraved, double-enveloped and water-marked, or it may be folded like a common letter, but "invitation" is patent upon its blind face.

Our astute psychological investigators must have remarked this phenomenon. What is the scientific theory upon which they account for it? Does the spirit of the writer accompany his message, and subtly inform us of its import? Or does some sensitive fluid, imparted by him, and resisting the influences of heat, air, distance and friction with foreign substances, accompany the letter, and thrill us with intelligence the moment your hands touch it or our eyes rest upon it? Or did the mind of the writer at the moment the letter started wing a thought to us, which arrived simultaneously with his more overt message? Or may all letters be classified by infallible ear-marks, which without being consciously aware of the intelligent correspondent intuitively comprehends? Who can tell?—Harper's Bazar.

The Poorest Man in the World

Can write to me and receive by return mail in a plain sealed envelope, FREE, a prescription with full directions for a quick, permanent, private, home cure for Lost Manhood, Atrophy, Night Losses, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1874, Marshall, Mich.

Expansion by Heat.

"Can any little boy here," asked the visitor, "give me an example of the expansion of substances by heat?"

"I can," said Tommy. "Our dog's tongue is twice as long now as it was last winter."

Yet Women Are More Suspicious.

Experience proves that the sense of smell is less keen by women than by men.—Scientific American.

ENLIGHTENMENT

enables the more advanced and Conservative Surgeons of to-day to cure many diseases without cutting, which were formerly regarded as incurable without resort to the knife. **RUPTURE** or Rupture, is now radically cured, without the knife and without pain. Clumsy Trusses can be thrown away. **TUMORS**, Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the pain of cutting operation. **PILE TUMORS**, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. **STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

NO MORE CROOKED LEGS

KNOCK KNEE AND BOWED LEG CHILDREN EASILY CURED.

The Measures Seem Severe, but the Operations Are Painless and Harmless.

It is the fault of a child's mother today if either boy or girl is allowed to reach maturity with distorted limbs—knock knees and bowed legs are unnecessary evils.

Both these deformities can be cured, and cured permanently, says a writer in the New York Press.

To those ignorant of the treatment employed to restore the symmetry of

TAKING THE OUTLINE.

the body, it would be a surprise to spend an afternoon in the waiting room and wards of the hospital for the ruptured and crippled of New York city. The service here is free, except for a few cases desiring private treatment. Mothers are to be seen there with children of all ages in various stages of knock knee and bowed legs, waiting their turn to be measured for treatment.

On an average 25 children are received each week in this one hospital for such correction, proving rather a surprising percentage of the deformed little ones.

There are three ways in which these physicians undertake cases.

First, by what they term "expectant" treatment, next chemical, and lastly operative treatment. The little boy or girl (and no child is received over 14 years of age) is placed on brown paper, and the outlines of his legs are traced; this determines how serious the defect is. If the baby is young, eight months or two years, and its bones are soft, the first method is prescribed, which consists of keeping the little one in bed, and rubbing the legs with firm pressure until the bones yield and take the normal position. This can be done only with those still in infancy.

If the child is 2 to 4 years old mechanical treatment is given; the legs are either put into steel braces, which correct the misplacement, or, if the defect is slight, shoes are built up on the soles to throw the legs into the right angle.

After four years the bones usually are hardened, and it would take a tedious time to straighten them by braces, so the operative treatment is given. The legs are broken.

This seems a startling statement, and sounds very cruel for the child; but the doctors think nothing of the operation, and parents have begun to realize how harmless it is, and do not protest so violently as at first.

The child is put under ether, the body laid on the operating table, the leg strapped and the bones broken by a chisel and mallet. A keen knife is used to open a little slit in the skin, and the small chisel is inserted delicately in between the arteries, reaching the bones easily and quickly, for the large bone is near the skin below the knee, and when securely resting on it the chisel is hammered through.

The broken bones are then placed in their correct position with the least trouble, a dressing put on and the leg incased in plaster of paris. Of course both legs are operated on in the same manner. Scarcely any blood is shed, there is no danger, it being unnecessary that even fever should result, and in four weeks the child is sent home cured. For a while he wears braces, but soons discards these and finds himself as straight and supple as any of his comrades.

The operation is preferred by many to the mechanical treatment, for the latter is very confining and the weight of the braces is apt to make the child thin and nervous. The heroic treatment serves the same purpose in a quicker fashion, and the patient never dies under it.

Out of 1,384 children who have been operated on in England, only three

BEFORE AND AFTER.

deaths have occurred, and these were from diseases which made their appearance after the child was put to bed and did not necessarily result from the operation.

Physicians, however, must be careful in diagnosing the case, that is, making sure that the bones are quite hardened. Should they be too soft for operation, little permanent good is done, although no harm.

That the child was made to walk too early is the popular explanation of bow legs. But the doctors are not so sure of it. I inquired concerning this theory when I stood in the great wards of the hospital and saw dozens of the little children with their legs done up in plaster, but the surgeons told me there were various reasons given; that one famous physician who has made of the deformity a study, says that early walking is not to be accounted a factor of any importance in their production. Weak health, rickets, tuberculosis, all are given as causes. Bowed legs, I am told, were often outgrown than knock-kneed, but it was ever unwise to trust to development. Out of 3,000 grown men noticed on the streets in Boston by a specialist, 32 were bow-legged. This deformity is much more common among men than women.

As I went down from the wards to the waiting room I peeped into the three large work shops connected with the institution. There the children were being measured for shoes and braces; some getting new ones, others having old shoes built up and straps tightened. All these were given them along with the treatment; the whole forming another of those splendid charities where our great city tries to correct the physical outcome of poverty and wretchedness.

DR. HOLMES'S LAST POEM.

The last poem written by Dr. Holmes was read on the occasion of the Authors' breakfast, February 23, 1893, and is as follows:

Teacher of teachers, yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask,
High up Ionia's marmorous mount,
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the stream below;
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills,
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil,
Ploughed deep by thoughts and wearied toil,
In learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching plain.

Welcome the author's firmest friends,
Your voice, the surest God's deed, lends,
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands
Through all the mists of morn.
You knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed,
To fire the years unborn.

SHE SAID HER GRACE.

Then the Duchess Paid the Milliner's Bill to the Little Girl.

An Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in the main, was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the trades people whom she patronized, says the Youth's Companion. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyances and sometimes distress resulted.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed.

"Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little child dropped a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly: "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful."

As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out a check for the amount due to the milliner.

The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quick-witted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

—Why do you take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Silken fabrics should never be kept folded in white paper. The chloride of lime which is used to bleach the paper causes a chemical change in the silk, and injures the color.

There is nothing which so quickly relieves the pain of small burns on the hands, from flatirons or contact with the stove, as the application of court plaster to entirely cover the spot. Water-proof flesh-colored court plaster should always be kept in the kitchen for cuts or burns; also a bottle of some oil healing to larger hurts. Baking soda will relieve pain of burns if applied in a paste with cold water, but it takes time to tie up small burns and one often can not spare this time; the court plaster is then an unspeakable relief.

To make whites of eggs beat quickly, put in a small pinch of salt.

When corn is to be served on the cob, remove all the silk carefully and trim off the rough ends. Put the ears into boiling water, boil briskly for half an hour. Send to the table in a napkin. Corn boiled in this way may have the kernels cut from the cob with a very sharp knife, seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, and sent to the table in a warm covered tureen. The corn can be kept hot while cutting it off from the cob by setting the pan in boiling water.

"Why don't you post a placard telling your customers how to drink milk?" said a customer to a milk dealer after a man that had just emptied his glass at two gulps had gone out. "Milk is a food, and should be treated as such," continued the speaker. "It should be drunk slowly in small sips, so that saliva shall be mixed with it. It is better indeed, to eat something as one drinks, so as to excite the flow of saliva. When the doctors put their patients on the exclusive milk diet they recommend the use of chewing gum during the continuance of the regimen. That is why all the makers of chewing gum advertise their wares as a cure for indigestion."

Do not attempt to extinguish the flames of blazing oil with water; it will only make them worse. Pour corn meal or flour quickly over them, or throw over a rug or anything handy that will exclude the air.

Take proper care of the k

Talmage's Sermon.

THE CHRISTIAN SHOULD STRIVE FOR A FLIGHT IN GRACE.

Wisdom of the Birds Compared by Jeremiah With the Foolishness of His People.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India, and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon this week through the press "October Thoughts," his text being Jeremiah viii, 7, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat, he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtle doves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge, splitting the air with velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns and the cities and the continents slid under them.

The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way—the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1,000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

We go out, and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character and counting out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is if the church of God; if we as individuals made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for 10 or 15 years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore 10 or 15 years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Again I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land, sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven. We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at 40 miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Chills and Malaria Fever.

Toledo, O., October 1, 1894.—"Nearly five years ago I was taken with chills, followed by malaria fever and nervous exhaustion. I was confined to my bed for some time, finding no permanent relief. About two years ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had taken only a small quantity, when I was so that I was improving. I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and steadily improved, and since a year ago last spring I have done nearly all my housework."—Mrs. Nettie Carl, 809 Dover st.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

AT THE CANDY STORE.

The Trade is a Gauge of Love and Means of Indicating Tastes.

I stopped in an F street candy store last week, and while the pretty clerk deftly scooped candy from the plates with that usually exasperating invention, the bonbon spoon, we had a little talk, says the Washington Post.

"Do you know," she said to me brightly, "we clerks in confectionery stores are in a position to know more about the private affairs of a certain class of people than you or any outsider would imagine? That class, you know, is composed of young people at about the ages when 'love first finds speech.' You see, a man has to buy candy if he goes among girls, and we can always tell the condition of his heart by the kind and amount of candy he buys. If he is a jolly good fellow with all the girls he comes in and says: 'Gimme three pounds of candy—anything at all,' but if it is for one he as anxiously and carefully selects from each salver as an old maid buying her annual 15 cents' worth."

"I don't quite understand why," I said.

"Why, don't you see, he has learned his sweetheart's taste, and he is anxiously catering to it. He would as soon poison her as give her candy she didn't like.

"Then, too, we always know the intensity of the love—shall I put in some marshmallows?—for his devotion and the amount of candy he buys increase in exact ratio. We can always tell when the entanglement has been effected, too, for the man stops buying candy so lavishly."

"Is this one of the straws which show how the wind will blow after marriage?" I asked, and my clerk answered:

"Well, it may be that, or it may be that he is getting economical for the coming event. But it would surprise you to know how many engagements we could safely announce just by these infallible little signs. And if we liked we could announce the ones that are broken, too. A man with a fractured engagement on his hands is our best customer. His reckless expenditure on candy for other girls is the confectioners' salvation."

The girl tied the paper around my box, bit the cord off with her teeth, girl fashion, and as she handed me the package, said:

"When one of our customers stops coming altogether we all know he is married."

Forest Guardianship.

Our country needs to study the systems of forest guardianship practiced in Europe and Canada. The protection provided for in Germany, for instance, is almost perfect. The American pioneers have been a vandal people, cutting away forests without rhyme or reason, and paving the way for the very desolation from which their descendants are suffering. They were not without excuse for this, for they could not have dreamed a century or even half a century ago of the tremendous growth of our population or the increasing demands of a more highly developed civilization. But the lesson is before the people of this generation. The country does not need more farming lands, but it does need to save its forests, and in a few years it will discover the necessity of enlarging its forest areas.—Troy Times.

The Chicago Style.

"Maybe it's a chestnut worked over," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "but I heard a story the other day which illustrates the kind of men some Chicagoans are."

"Let her go," said the clerk encouragingly.

"One of those rich fellows there," continued the drummer, "had a close fisted Yankee friend of his with him at his country place, and during the evening the friend dropped a quarter in the grass and immediately went down on his knees to find it.

"'What are you looking for?' inquired the host, who was talking to another guest some distance off.

"'I've dropped a quarter in the grass,'

"'Here, let me help you with a little light,' said the Chicago man, and he kindled a five dollar bill with a match and held it till the Yankee found his lost quarter."—Detroit Free Press.

Light Doses Useless.

"I wonder," said Mr. Wedderford, "if there is anything in the theory that sunlight will cure baldness? I have half a notion to try it."

"I don't believe there is anything in it," responded Mrs. Wedderford. "You have been right in the glare of the footlights for more than ten years, and the closer you sit the baller you get."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soul of Frankness.

Mr. Beetleson—Would you like the date put in our engagement ring, my dear?

Miss Beryl—By all means; and then, if there's room, run in some little motto like "Any port in a storm," or "A bird in the hand," or something pretty like that.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

He Was Precise.

"Are you a well-digger?" asked the man who wanted some work done.

"Oi can't say that Oi am," replied Mr. Dolan, leaning on his pick. "At prisint Oi have a touch av the rheumatism."—Washington Star.

In Recognizing "Habituals."

The English detectives and prison wardens rely chiefly on personal recognition for detection of "habitual" criminals.—Cleveland Leader.

What the Populists Are After.

Seignorage is the profit of the government upon bullion brought to the mint to be coined or exchanged for coin.—Currency.

From the Canary Islands.

The canary convolvus came from the Canary islands.—Buffalo Courier.

PINKHAM'S
Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

The Battle of Philippi.

Editor Camp Fire:—Brigadier-General Thomas A. Morris arrived at Grafton on the evening of June 1, and took command of the Union forces. An expedition was immediately organized to surprise and attack the rebels at Philippi under the command of Col. Porterfield. The troops left in two divisions. The First Virginia regiment, part of the 16th Ohio and the 7th Indiana, under Col. Kelly moved eastward by rail to Thornton, a distance of five miles, and from there marched on 22 miles to Philippi, reaching the town on the lower side. The second division, consisting of the 6th and 7th Indiana and 14th Ohio and a section of artilery, under Lieut. Col. Sturgis, met by detachments at Webster, on the Northwestern Virginia railroad, and marched twelve miles to Philippi. The combined forces were commanded by Cols. Dumont and Lander, and at 8 o'clock on the night of the 2d of June, marched forward through one of the most overwhelming storms known to our country that year. Lander had been detailed to a special command by Gen. Morris, and in the terrible march that followed through darkness, mud and rain, he led the way, sometimes exploring the route three miles ahead of his forces in the midst of profound darkness and through mud so deep and tenacious that every forward step was a struggle. The men followed bravely, toiling through the miry soil, staggering forward in thick darkness, and pelted by the rain so violently that they could not have seen the way had it been daylight. Still, not a murmur was heard. Against the whole force of the elements the brave fellows struggled on, eager for the storm of fire which was soon to follow the deluge that poured upon them.

Now and then Lander's majestic form, seated upon his charger, would loom upon them, with his deep sympathetic voice, which aroused them like a trumpet. Thus they moved on, supported by one stern purpose, through woods, across valleys and over hills, the storm drowning their approach till they drew up on the edge of the town overlooking the enemy. But it was not altogether a surprise. Just before they reached the town the troops had passed a farm house. A woman within that house sprang from her bed and she saw the line of troops filing slowly by in the misty gray of the dawn, and guessed their object. She instantly aroused her little son, and sent him by a short cross-road road to give the alarm. The boy was quick of foot, but the hopes of conflict had so aroused the energies of these jaded men that he was but a few minutes in advance of them. Lander's troops took position on a hill across the river, and below the town, commanding it and the encampments around. He at once planted two pieces of artillery, and prepared to open fire at exactly 4 o'clock, the hour agreed upon for the attack, which was to be made at once by both divisions. Lander's was to assault them in front, while Kelly was to attack the rear, and cut off all retreat. But Lander found his division alone before the enemy.

The terrible night, the almost impassible roads, and a march of 22 miles had delayed Kelly's forces, and when he did not arrive, it was to come in by mistake below the town. The presence of Lander's troops had aroused the town, and threw it into terrible commotion. In vain Lander searched the distant hills, impatient for Kelly's appearance. The hour of attack had arrived and passed. The men became impatient as their leader, who, in his indomitable courage, commenced the battle with a portion of his forces. When Lander gave the order, his eager men sprang to their posts, and the artillery opened fire. As the first gun awoke its thunders on the encampment, Kelly advanced, but in the wrong direction. He instantly comprehended Lander's action, and with prompt courage, charged upon the encampment. The batteries had by this time obtained the range, and were pouring in their messengers of terror and death, tearing through tents, cabins and scattering the rebels like chaff in every direction.

After firing a volley of musketry, Lander advanced. Col. Kelly's command was close upon the enemy, the Virginia troops in advance, the Henry Clay Guards in front, and Col. Kelly and Capt. Fordyce leading, while Col. Lander's force came rushing down the hill to the bridge, and joined in an impetuous pursuit of the fugitives. Col. Kelly, who, with a bravery amounting almost to rashness, had been foremost from the very first, was shot by a concealed foe, the ball entering the left breast and lodging beneath the shoulder blade. As his men conveyed him to a place of safety, and while in the agony of his pain, exclaimed: "I expect I shall have to die. I would be glad to live, if it might be that I might do something for my country; but if it can not be, I shall have at least, the consolation of knowning that I fell in a just cause." But he was not destined to be cut off in the zenith of his fame and usefulness. After a few weeks of danger and anguish, he was again performing noble duty for the country he loved so well. This broke up the rebels in this section.—N. P. Burt.

Best Meal of His Life.

Ed. Camp Fire:—Having been home on sick furlough it was my fortune or misfortune to be on my return to my regiment when the Battle of Nasnville came off. I with thousands of others was gobbled up and put in battalions along with recruits, drafted men and old soldiers like myself, who had been sent back sick or wounded. Everything went our way until we started out to intercept Hood and keep him from crossing the Tennessee river.

As the railroad was torn up between Nashville and Murfreesboro we had to march to the latter place. It was in a cold, drizzling rain that we started out on the Murfreesboro pike. The constant rain and the incessant travel on the pike had made a thin mortar of it, so when we went into camp that night you could not have told whether we were Johnnies or Feds, by our uniforms. The next night we camped on the old Stone river battle ground; there we remained the next day. Rations were out and the weather bitter cold. As well as I remember there were seven or eight trains of box cars to transport us around to Decatur, Ala. Late in the evening we were ordered to get aboard the trains, and for what purpose I have often wondered for the trains lay there that night. After we found they were not going to pull out we got off and built up log heaps to keep from freezing. The next morning the engines were all frozen up and they could not get steam up until 11 o'clock. In the meantime I felt as if it was a military necessity that I should have something to eat so I struck out for the town. In passing where some troops were who were stationed there and who I learned were on quarter rations I saw a comrade come in to camp with three ears of corn. He dropped them beside his tent and went in to get his frying-pan to parch them, and in his absence I appropriated one to my own use. I was so hungry I could not wait to cook it but ate it raw like a horse. When I reached Murfreesboro the place was deserted. In going to the depot I heard some darkeys quarreling in a house and curiosity caused me to look in. About a dozen bucks were quarreling over who should have the next cake which an old aunty was cooking. On the table in the center of the room was about a gallon of cornmeal. I filled a pint cup with a part of it and beat a retreat. I went to the depot and built a fire and made some mush. I had about a quarter of a pound of butter that I had brought from home. I stirred that in well. I have sat down to some fine meals in my 50 years of life, but I don't think I ever enjoyed one like that. Suffice to say that after five or six days we reached Decatur, when we should have reached it in two, and Hood had crossed. Somebody had made a mistake or played off on the government. I don't know which General Steadman was in command.—G. W. S., Co. K, Forty-eighth Ill. Vet. Vol. Infantry.

An Old Indian Fighter.

Editor Camp Fire:—I belonged to the bloody 14th U. S. Inft., and after the war, 1865, was ordered to the coast to fight Indians, then very bad on the frontier of California and Oregon. We were then called 23d U. S. I. I was in 2d Battalion, Company F, acting quartermaster sergeant, stationed at Camp Watson, Oregon frontier, Col. Baker, 1st U. S. cavalry, in command.

The men that had fought from '61 to '65 in many a bloody fight down South escaped the carnage of those dreadful times to come out here and fight Indians. The old boys in blue despised the Indians as a contemptible foe until they learned their mode of warfare. At this late day it is with sorrow I look back and think of the gallant soldiers of '61 to '65 who were shot down in our campaigns here against the Indians. The trouble was, we did not respect their fighting qualities enough until too late. Generals Crook's and Howard's reports of the Indian wars of Oregon will give a better description than my poor pen.

Amongst some of our gallant boys of '61-'65 was one who must be known to a great many of the G. A. R.; that was Corporal Pike, scout, 4th Ohio cavalry; died from a wound accidentally inflicted by himself; after a skirmish with the Indians, they were destroying the Indian's guns. Lieut. Pike was in the act of breaking a gun over a stone; the gun went off and shot him in the groin. He died fourteen days after. Pike was promoted after the war to a lieutenancy in the 1st U. S. cavalry. I, being acting quartermaster sergeant under Capt. Berry, 1st U. S. cavalry, remember the request of Lieut. Pike before he died, to Capt. Berry, to send only the passes he used to carry as scout during the war of the rebellion to his father in Ohio. Those passes were merely, "Pass the bearer."—Sherman, Grant or other generals—through our lines. While he was disguised as scout those passes were enclosed in a small silver tube; the old scouts will remember them. Among the effects of the late Lieut. Pike I have in my possession yet a claw hammer that he used to use on his horse's shoes when wanted, during his scouting expeditions. I have asked a great many G. A. R. men if they knew him, or his parents, or their address. I consider it a memento of the war, the hammer Corporal Pike, of 4th Ohio cavalry, carried as scout. It has been in my possession 29 years. I served from 1861 until December, 1865.—Robert Bruce.

STORIES TOLD BY OLD TREES.

Their Rings Tell of Wet and Dry Seasons a Hundred Years Ago.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, says the New York Advertiser, but J. Keuchler, of Texas, has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth. Several trees, each more than 130 years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly. This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that out of the 134 years covered by the life of the trees, 60 had been very wet, six extremely wet, and eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry and six extremely dry. But when the records of the rainfall, running back as far as 1840, were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which have affected the trees in successive years. The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained indelibly imprinted in their trunks more than 100 years of nature's history, a history which we might completely decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.

Beauty is a Precious Gift

And faultless teeth in a lovely mouth is one of its greatest charms. Be careful of your teeth, and preserve them by using SOZODONT, that charming dentifrice, which is perfectly harmless and absolutely indispensable for the toilet.

FROM TRIFLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Indications of the Boy's Life Prophetic of His Future.

Carlyle says that you can tell how a man would do anything from the way he sings, says a writer in the Scottish American. However this may be, it is certainly true in nine cases out of ten that you can tell what sort of a man the boy will make from seeing him at play when obliged to stay indoors without a companion. Lord (then plain William) Armstrong, the famous engineer, was a delicate boy, and one winter when 6 years old was confined to the house for months. To amuse himself he set several old spinning wheels in motion by weights descending on strings from top to bottom of the house over the staircase railing.

Friends and relatives brought mechanical toys for the little prisoner, which he at once pulled to pieces. It was not satisfactory to him to see "Jack" jump up in the "box" when the lid was raised; he would know what made "Jack" spring up.

One day, while fishing near a rustic mill, the water wheel attracted his attention, because it was fed by a rill above which descended from a height of nearly one hundred feet. Seeing that only twenty feet of the descent was utilized he pondered the question: "Why not use the whole descent of the stream as a motive power?" A swinging lamp in a church suggested to Galileo the pendulum as a means of measuring time, and Armstrong saw in the descending rill power for a hydraulic crane. He invented one and it attracted the attention of leading engineers.

Lord Armstrong's name is now, as most of our readers know, identified with huge rifled cannon, the manufacture of large projectiles and the building of mighty vessels of war.

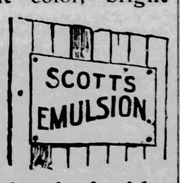
A Healthy Operation.

Clarence—You look fwightfully healthy this even'; almost vulgarly so, deah boy.

Willie—Know't, old chap; but, 'pon honor, it's not me fault, yer know. Me bloomin' dentist was on me blawsted teeth for six beastly hours this awft, ye know. Six hours without cigawettes did the twick, me boy.—Judge.

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action. Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.



Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

OUR 1895 "PEERLESS" STAMPING OUTFIT FREE

Over 50 Elegant Patterns.

Tulips with bow-knot, 7x8 in.; 1 design Butterflies, 8x9 in.; 1 Honiton design, 8x5 in.; 1 corner design for cut work, 6x6 in.; 1 Floral Outline design, 6x6 in.; 1 Floral design, 5x5 in.; 1 Initial Alphabet, 1x1 in.; 1 Braiding design, 4x5 in.; 1 design for Applique, 4½ wide; 2 designs for Pillow Shams, "Good Night" and "Good Morning"; 1 design for Flannel Skirt, 3½ in. wide; 1 Bird, 2x6½ in.; 1 set of 4 designs for Tray Cloth; 1 Outline design of Girl, 8½ high, and 27 other beautiful designs, making in all over 50 artistic patterns besides the alphabet and set of figures, perforated on the best quality of Bonder Parchment Paper, which can be used indefinitely without injury. With each Outfit we send free our Book of Complete Instructions for Stamping, also for making Blue, Black and White Powder and Distributer. The patterns contained in this Outfit would cost over $10.00 if purchased singly, yet we send the whole *free* to anyone sending 18 cents for a 3-months' subscription to our magazine. Five subscriptions and 5 Outfits will be sent for 72 cents. Do not miss this chance! Address, Publishers. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in N. Y. Address

S. H. MOORE & CO., 37 Park Place, New York.

SOME TRAPS FOR SHOPLIFTERS

HOW STORES ARE PROTECTED AGAINST THE LIGHT FINGERED.

A New York Detective Tells of the Methods Employed—Familiar With Faces of Professional Crooks.

The scene is laid in one of New York's huge up-town dry goods stores, says the Herald. It is the hour of the crush. Crowds of bargain hunting women surge up and down the long, stifling aisles. The cry of the sales people, the chatter of the cash girls, the noise of scuffling, hurrying feet, the hum of conversation, rising to insist upon bargains here and there—all mingle in a confused, subdued roar.

At one of the busiest counters, where are piled high rich and costly laces, holding their own against the elbowing, irritated, feverish, ceaselessly moving throng, are a pair of fashionably dressed women. Both perhaps wear diamonds, but they are not conspicuously displayed. They are quiet of demeanor; nothing by look or action would separate them, so far as the superficial view would reveal, from hundreds of others in that eddying, clamorous mass.

Evidently one of the women is the purchaser, the other merely accompanying her. They consult over possible purchases. These completed, they give the direction to the saleslady. The price is high; they consult their pocketbooks and discover they have not sufficient change about them.

"Please to send the goods C. O. D. to-morrow. It will be abundant time."

The saleswoman is pleased; she bids her agreeable customers to come again. They reply with a charming smile and are lost in the crowd. Unnoticed, after them wanders a pretty, blue-eyed

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GI

girl. She had been standing near them, purse in hand, at the counter, rather wistfully eyeing their purchases, wondering, no doubt, if she shall have money enough some day to do as they. Her hair is golden, and hangs pendant in a plait down her neck. Her eyes are big and blue, with all the innocence of a school girl. A jaunty sailor hat caps a trim and attractive figure.

The women from the counter move toward the door. The little girl is not far behind. If you had looked closely —something you would have never thought of doing—you might have seen a sharp, keen-eyed young man eyeing the girl closely. If you had been an attentive observer you might have seen this innocent, blue-eyed little girl nod sharply at the two women as they pass out, then turn on her heel and go back among the crowd. Then you would have noticed that the sharp eyed young man quietly left the store with the two women. He is fashionably dressed, idly wears a cane, has doubtless been making some purchases himself. Half a block away he taps one of the women on the shoulder.

"Madam," he says, half roughly, but politely, "the woman at the lace counter would like to see you."

The women look up with astonishment. They are quite sure they have left nothing, but the young man is urgent. He suggests that they had better not make a scene. He blandly suggests that it is doubtless all a mistake, but return they must. Otherwise—an officer stands at the corner.

Seeing there is no escape, the women return. One of them is searched in the superintendent's office. A roll of rich laces, worth probably hundreds of dollars, is found, ingeniously stowed away in a rear pocket. Evidently she is an expert. She is a queen of the shoplifters, and she has run against one of the sharpest private detectives in the city. He knowing her, she not knowing him, he has the advantage. This particular woman, Nellie Scott, of very wide and generous notoriety, is now doing time in Sing Sing. For years she had been operating against the stores, living like a woman of wealth and fashion. It is a gay life while it lasts, the worst is easy, but always is the day bound to come when she will feel that tap upon her shoulder, and know that she is caught.

Just how she was discovered she probably never knew. Neither do a long line of other shoplifters that have been sent over the road from a mistaken attempt to work this store. Neither Nellie Scott nor any of the rest was ever for a moment conscious of the innocent looking but wathful eyes intently laid upon them by that pretty little girl, with the sailor hat and the golden hair, bound in a school girl's plait.

This is one of the many means adopted by the great dry goods stores of the city to protect themselves from the plundering shoplifters which prey upon them. It is a very popular means, because it is one of the surest and most effective, and at the same time the patrons of the store are not annoyed by the palpable presence of a detective. They do not feel under any irritating espionage, and the shoplifters never know when these soft, innocent looking paws are to pounce upon them.

VERSIFIED SENTIMENTS.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
—Pope.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years!
—Whittier.

Out of the presses of pain
Cometh the soul's best wine,
And the eyes that have shed no rain
Can shed but little shine.
—Henry Austin.

Getting On.

Cora—I hear your friend, the artist, is making some headway?

Merritt—Yes; this month he gave up cooking his breakfast in his studio, and by the fall he hopes to be able to hire a room to sleep in.—Puck

The Sunday School.

Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 2:23-28 and 3:1-5. Memory verses: 3-5. Compare John 5:1-18).

Golden Text: The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.—Mark 2:28.

23. And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

24. And the Pharisees said unto him, behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is unlawful?

25. And he said unto them, have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was a hungered, he, and they that were with him?

26. How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

27. And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath:

28. Therefore the son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

3:1. And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand.

2. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him.

3. And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, stand forth.

4. And he saith unto them, is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.

5. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other.

Illustrative Applications.

His disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn (v. 23). Getting strength for one's duties is as important in its way as doing one's duty. A man who is necessitated to use extra strength in God's service on God's day may be sure that God wants him to employ the means of obtaining needful strength. A doctor hurrying on the Lord's day to a patient whose life depends on his presence, may over-drive his horse, when otherwise he would want him to rest. And so as to any Christian who is bent on doing Christian work that must be done. The real question is as to what is necessary in order to the most efficient service of Christ. But a disciple of Christ needs to be sure that any work done by him on God's rest day is necessary as a means of fuller service for Christ.

Did ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungered? (v. 25). A thing was neither right nor wrong because David did it. But an act of David's might well be pointed to as illustrating a principle that had been repeated and varied applications. David and Moses and Abraham did many things that they ought not to have done. But when our Lord pointed back to an act of David's that was irregular according to conventional laws, while it seemed a necessity in order to the life of himself and his followers, as servants of God, he obviously meant to emphasize the importance of a right spirit in God's service, in comparison with the observance of the mere letter of a law of outward conduct. He who is determined to serve the Lord of the sabbath need not worry himself about mere Sabbath laws.

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath (v. 27). God never makes a mistakes in planning or providing for man. In ordering the Sabbath for man's benefit, God ordered an institution that tends to man's benefit. The spirit of the Sabbath is, one day in seven for rest and worship, rest from man's ordinary toil, worship of him who provided the day. The man who observes the Sabbath has more of enjoyment and more of profit than the man who ignores or desecrates it. A man can do more in six days than he can in seven, the year through. A man has more time for himself—more pleasant time and profitable time—when he counts one-seventh of his time peculiarly sacred to the Lord. The Sabbath was made for man; and that man makes a great mistake who doesn't remember to keep the Sabbath.

The son of man is lord even of the Sabbath (v. 28). The Lord of the Sabbath, rather than technical laws about the Sabbath, is to be obeyed by man. He who is in the service of Christ can obey his Master's orders and do anything to which his Master sets him, without anxiety as to the mere letter of special laws on that subject. The man who counts himself wholly the Lord's—he being always ready to do anything and to give up everything, to work, to rest, or to worship, at the Lord's call—can properly esteem every day alike. Yet, even in such a case, a servant of Christ needs to rest from his ordinary labor one-seventh of his working time. He, however, who counts six days his own, or works to his personal profit, is the last man in the world to talk about being above the law of the Sabbath. If that is the only day he concedes to the Lord, he ought to be pre-eminently careful to count it exceptionally holy. The son of man gives larger liberty to his disciples on the seventh day of the week, because they are in his service all the other days as well as that.

They watched him, whether he would heal, that they might accuse him (v. 2). It's a mean business—going into the sanctuary for fault-finding. No zeal for orthodoxy will justify it. He who is really sound in a living faith will have too much humility in his estimate of himself, and too much charity in his estimate of others, to be in the spirit of watching a religious teacher in the house of God, in order that he may accuse him. But those Pharisees were awfully bigoted! "Did you see that fellow Jonas at the communion table, to-day?" asked a busybody in a New England church, at the close of a sacramental service, which had been attended by a church-member under charges. "No, I really didn't," answered the good man who was thus questioned. "The truth is, I was so oppressed with the thought of my own unworthiness to be there, that I didn't notice who else was there." That is an improvement on the Pharisees' example.

Stretch forth thine hand (v. 5). If a man wants a blessing from the Lord, he must do his part in securing it. Even when God rained bread from heaven for his children, they had to go out and pick it up, piece by piece. A man's arm may be palsied, but that doesn't excuse him from stretching it out at the Lord's call. And when the Lord says "Stretch forth thine hand," he will enable even a palsied child of his, who has a willing heart, to stretch his hand forth. There are lots of church-members now with withered arms and palsied hands, who ought to hear and obey this command of their Lord, "Stretch forth thine hand." If they don't do so, they will go into eternity without being cured of the palsy.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Aids to Speed.

If it is true, as reported, that the sulky in which Nellie was driven her great mile* at Columbus was made of aluminum and weighed only 21 pounds it is another case where increase of speed is due less to improvement in horseflesh than in racing appliances. When a lowered record means simply better tracks or better sulkies it goes for something, but it does not represent its face value.—New York World.

If He Were King.

"Papa," said Jack, as he gazed at his 10c—one week's allowance—"do you know what I would do if I was an awful rich king?" "No, Jack. What?" "I'd increase my allowance to a quarter a week."—Harper's Young People.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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AUTUMN JOKELETS.

Of all the joys with which we're blest,
The unexpected are the best—
Like pullin' up the rivers tight
Ter warm us on an August night.

"How do you suppose Mrs. Lakeside will feel when she meets her three husbands in heaven?" "Oh, she doesn't worry. They were not the kind of men she'd ever run any chances of finding there."

Alice—"If we stay on this rock much longer the tide will wash us off. Time and tide, you know, wait for no man." Marie (mournfully)—"That's where they differ from us."

"There is more pleasure in giving than in receiving," was the proverb that a mother was trying to instill into a youthful mind. "That's true about castor oil, mother," was the answer she got.

And what is the pneumatic tire?
You asked me once before.
It is the name that, without blame,
They now give to a bore.

Customer—"I want another gasoline stove just like the one you sold me a month ago." Clerk—"Was it a success?" Customer—"Yes, indeed; it exploded and rid me of a cook that I was tired of."

"Why, Willie, what have you done to Jimmy Woods that he has gone home crying?" Willie—Well, he told a lot of boys that his ma said our family was one of the oldest in the place, an' I licked him."

Though fortune smiles, a man will say
'Tis not what he deserves
When bread and butter stroll his way
He clamors for preserves.

"You must cultivate decision of character and learn

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of general interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

For a few weeks longer, we will offer to any subscriber, when he sends the renewal of his subscription, who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

Remember the $1 should be sent to The Blade direct, and not through an agent.

Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For $1, sent in September, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

We have a few copies left of "Nasby In Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

MORE NEW FEATURES.

In the last Weekly Blade we announced as a new feature, to begin the first week of November, a series of articles by Prof. Chas. F. Holder, the eminent writer on popular science.

This series will be sure to attract attention.

In order to still further improve the Weekly Blade we have just made contracts with some of the most famous authors of the country to contribute to its columns during the coming winter.

Among those already secured we may mention:

JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P., historian, novelist and Irish Parliamentary leader.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, the well known army novelist.

PROF. A. A. STAGG, director of Physical Culture department of Chicago University.

HASTINGS H. HART, ex-president National Conference of Charities and Correction.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia Press.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who will write an article on ways and means of making home bright, happy and attractive.

"STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY," by Count Bernstoff, of Berlin.

FREDERICK SAUNDERS, librarian of the Astor Library, New York.

GRACE DODGE, President of the Working Girls' association.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER, and

PROF. W. GARDEN BLAIKIE, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

This is but a beginning. Next week we hope to be able to announce still further additions to this list.

In this connection we desire to call attention to the new serial that will begin in next week's issue.

Be sure to read "The Garden of Eden, U. S. A."

The pettiness of partisan politics in New York city is shown in the kind of warfare the Democrats are waging on Levi P. Morton. When Mr. Morton was abroad last summer, he employed a coachman, whom he came to like so well that he hired him for work at his home in New York. The Democratic managers discovered this, and had a case brought against Mr. Morton for violation of the contract labor law. The suit was brought, not to correct any real evil, but to bring Mr. Morton into disrepute politically. The coachman has been ordered to be returned to Europe, and this is heralded as a "great victory for the cause of labor." When compared to the real injury done to labor by the wholesale importation of Hun and Slav cheap labor, and which the law was passed to correct, this case is so utterly trivial as to be ludicrous.

Sagacious observers of political events watch the tenor of the betting as election draws near. It gives a pretty good forecast of the result, as a general thing. In this respect the following from the New York Sun of last Saturday is of interest: "A number of wagers were laid to-day on the state election, 2 to 1 against Senator Hill. At noon $1,000 was floating around waiting for some one to stake $500 against it on Hill. It was not accepted."

Givernor Tillman, of South Carolina, has reached the United States government in the process of whipping everything into line to support the dispensary law. He wants the privilege of seizing whisky in bonded warehouses when belonging to parties who have violated the law. Every one can admire the pertinacity of Tillman, though there is nothing else in his public career to excite admiration. He hangs on like a bulldog.

Congressional investigation has developed the fact that a greater profit is made out of bread than even the luxuries of life. While flour is growing cheaper, the price of bread is steadily advancing. The next session of the Pennsylvania legislature will take the matter up, and enact a law regulting the manufacture and sale of bread.

The condition of the country makes it a duty of all good citizens to vote the Republican ticket.

DESTROY THE SALOON!

The saloon is the vital point in the rum traffic. It is the fortification behind which that traffic is securely intrenched. Through its means, the drink habit is learned by thousands who would never have become its victims had there been no saloons, the centers of social life with so many thousands. The saloon is the great enemy of the home. Its garish lights outshine in attractiveness the evening lamp around which gathers the family circle at home; its throng of gay revelers seems better company to the inexperienced boy than that of mother and sisters around the family hearthstone. By allowing the saloon to exist, we say in effect to our sons, inexperienced in the ways of the world, yet eager to join its pleasures and taste its unknown joys, "you may fell into temptation, and probably will; but that is your own lookout. You can not walk from home to your place of employment without passing these places, whose threshold you should never cross. But these saloon-keepers must be maintained, and if you are foolish enough to become their victim, it is your own lookout."

But would it not be better, knowing the real evil of the saloon, to banish it, destroy it, that the rising generation of men shall be delivered from an utterly needless temptation? Is there a thinking man, no matter even if he be not a total abstainer, who will hesitate to aid, by his influence and his vote, the effort to eradicate this great evil? The saloon is a trap for the young, the snare of all mankind. It even lays its hands upon the Sabbath, and destroys its sanctity by turning it into a holiday of drunken revel. It lays a heavier tax upon mankind than the most despotic government upon earth ever dared to inflict upon its slaves. It reaches out to destroy the home. It enters the political arena, and controls the destiny of the country. It overshadows the land as did the fabled upas-tree, whose breath was death to all unfortunate to come under its influence.

The saloon should go; it must go. The blood of the myriads it has slain cries out from the ground for its overthrow. The tears and sorrow of heartbroken parents, the shame of widowed women, the degradation and pauperism of a countless host of children, cry unto heaven in one mighty chorus of accusation against it. Why should our eyes be the longer blinded that we can not see the malignant curse upon the nation which it really is? Are we so utterly selfish, so indifferent to the welfare of the people, that we do not rise in our might as a nation of brethren, and exterminate this plague-spot of modern civilization, and shut forever these gates of death through which each year an army of 75,000 persons marches to perdition? When will the people rise in majesty, abolish the rum traffic, close up the saloon, and

Pulverize the Rum Power?

ENGLISH WAGES.

There is a vast deal of righteous discontent among American workingmen over the reduction in wages which began over a year ago, and has been progressing ever since. There is no patriotic American but laments this general curtailment of wages, and consequent reduction of the purchasing power of the masses of the people. But it is the inevitable result of Democratic tariff-tinkering. The Blade has always declared that the tariff question is primarily a question of wages; and its readers know that its position has always been that the duty on any imported article which comes into competition with any article of American manufacture should always be sufficient to cover the difference between the cost of the labor required to produce it here, and the lower labor cost abroad.

The Democratic tariff-smashers have always maintained the theory—now shown to be a falsehood—that wages in England were practically as good as here, and that wage-question was not involved in the tariff issue. They told American workingmen that by "lowering the tariff wall" we would increase our foreign trade, and that this increase would mean greater activity, thus employing men labor and keeping up wages.

The falsity of their promises are already fully shown; but if these results were to come from low tariff in America, why have they not followed in Great Britain, after nearly half a century of free trade? Mr. F. E. Watrous, a Pennsylvania attorney, recently paid a visit to Great Britain, and took occasion to look into the wage question for himself. He writes:

I have ascertained that the politicians who, during the late presidential campaign, insisted that the laboring men of Europe were as well paid, fed and clothed as with us, were either infamous liars or greatly deceived. We have carefully questioned laborers in more than twenty employments in England, and their average wages is a trifle less than three shillings—about 70 cents in our money—per day for full ten hours. This includes carpenters, ship workmen and some of the class we call skilled workmen. The laborers here simply don't have anything our workingmen would touch, and they have no dream of a higher sphere, but appear stupidly, hopelessly content.

This is the wage scale to which we are approximating in the United States, and which will become permanent unless the Democratic party shall be driven from power by the people. Cheapness is a good thing, but there is such a condition as having things too cheap. We believe that when the labor required to produce an article as underpaid, it is too cheap.

A NUT FOR FREE TRADERS TO CRACK.

First Manufacturer:—I understand the ordinance compelling the city to use smoke consumers failed to pass in the council.

Second Manufacturer:—Quite right that it should. No need of such a law during the present administration.

Manufacturers all over the country, in chorus:—None whatever. President Cleveland is the greatest smoke preventer this country has ever seen.

According to statistics furnished by Labor Commissioner Lewis, 100,000 employes in Ohio received $6,933,516 less wages in 1893 than in 1892. The Democratic party is responsible for this reduction.

Democrats say business is reviving, and perhaps it is, but not the decline in wages paid within the past two years

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The Democratic party is not in retreat, it is in a panic.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

By All Odds, the Best Story We Ever Published—An Eden Possible in America.

We are happy to announce to our readers that we have secured an attraction for The Blade's columns (and for this paper exclusively) which will attract national attention. It is a story on new lines—a story which can not fail to become the literary sensation of the year.

You all remember what a tremendous sensation Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" caused? No doubt the most of The Blade's readers have read it, and recall the impossible Utopia which he pictured. You remember that the character who tells the story fell into so sound a slumber that he did not waken until the year A. D. 2000, when he awoke. He describes the world as Mr. Bellamy thinks it might be then, and "looking backward" over the thousand years from now till then, he traces the improvement the world undergoes.

You all remember that, even while fascinated by this dream of a thousand years hence, your human experience and common sense made you feel that it was impossible of realization, even after civilization has grown for ten centuries.

Well, this new story, for the greater part, has its scene laid in a state of society, right here in the United States, and at the present time, which is even better than Bellamy's Ideal, and is fully possible of realization within a year or two, and to people as they exist to-day. It is not necessary to wait a thousand years.

It is no impossible dream, as was Bellamy's. It is practicable and possible. But one thing is needed to start to its realization, and that can be had. What it is, you must read the story to learn.

This story will be begun in the Weekly Blade of next week, November 1. It is entitled:

THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U. S. A.

A Very Possible Story.

It is written by Mr. W. H. Bishop, and will be published in no other newspaper but the Toledo Blade.

It is in no sense modeled after "Looking Backward." Its characters are all men and women of to-day. Its scene is laid partly in New York city and partly in "Eden," in the United States.

It is not a dry, recital, intended to exploit a dream or a fad. It is a live, quick-moving tale, through which run two modern love stories, which excite the strongest interest in the reader.

The story is full of surprises, of unpected turns, and the interest increases until the climax in the very last chapter. The educated will read it with interest and profit; women as well as men will lay down the last chapter with the exclamation, "Why not?"

As we said before, it will be the literary sensation of the year; and the only way to get it is to read the Toledo Blade.

Tell your friends and neighbors about it, and send their names and addresses. We will gladly mail them copies of The Blade containing the opening chapters.

TWO BIMETALLIC WAYS.

There is hardly a corporal's guard of voters in Ohio who are opposed to real bimetallism. But while they are perfectly willing to have the larges use of silver possible, they are not willing to have the standard changed to silver, and that at its bullion value, which would cut the purchasing power of the dollar in two. They want the dollar to remain as good as it is.

There are two ways in which it is possible for the United States to maintain a bimetallic currency at the ratio of 16 to 1. One is, to give unlimited coinage to both gold and silver, but to make the latter a legal tender to only a limited amount. The other is to give them both unlimited legal tender in any sum, but to limit the coinage of silver to a fixed amount.

We know of no country which is trying the former plan, but France and the other nations of the Latin Union are using the second. For many years no addition has been made to the legal tender French silver coinage. Worn five-franc pieces are withdrawn from circulation and new ones coined to take their places, but not an additional one is minted. The same is true of the other members of the Latin Union.

To give free coinage to silver, with unlimited legal tender powers, would simply drive us to silver monometallism. It would contract the volume of the currency by the $600,000,000 of gold we have in circulation, producing a contraction which would convulse our finances and bring on a spell of "hard times" worse than any this country ever experienced.

THEY WON'T REGISTER.

The registration of voters at Chicago Tuesday was the heaviest ever known in the city, the total number being 230,000, against 190,000 just before the last Presidential election. But the women did not register freely. Out of at least 400,000 women eligible to registration in the city, only 10,378 did so, though a most earnest effort was made by the leaders of the woman suffrage movement to induce them to do so. The Chicago Journal, commenting on the failure of women to register, pertinently says:

It is evident to those who are clear sighted that when woman wants to vote she will, and so long as she doesn't want to vote she won't. No power on earth can keep women from the suffrage except their own wants or mass, and no power on earth can impose the suffrage upon them against their own womanliness. Woman is the only master that can yoke woman to a ballot. When a woman thinks it comports with her duty to the race, the home, the state and the nation to vote, no obstacles will be too hard for her to overcome in gaining and maintainting her right to go to the polls. No Bertillon system of inquiries, no Democratic cordon of heelers will detain the American women from exercising any privilege they legally possess and want to enjoy.

But yesterday's registration proves that you can not drive Chicago women to do what they have made up their sweet wills not to do.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOOL.

One of the most important falsehoods circulated by the Democratic press is that the price of wool has been advancing since the new tariff law was passed; that therefore this shows the decline for the past year was due to other causes than the tariff, and that a rise to the old price will come with a revival of business.

So much for Democratic falsification. The truth of the matter is this: Wool of one year's clip is bought by the manufacturer, and worked up the following winter and succeeding season into goods which will reach the consumer about a year after the wool left the farmers' hands—and even longer.

The effect of a protective duty on wool in the United States has been to keep the level of prices as high above the London price—the free trade price—as the duty on similar grades of wool. The London price fluctuates under the varying conditions of demand and supply, as does the price of every other commodity; the American price of course followed it, being all the time, however, about as much higher as the amount of the duty.

But when the Democratic party entered upon its lease of power in March, 1893, this condition changed. Manufacturers knew that a low tariff bill would pass, and that, in all probability, wool would be put on the free list. Hence they were unwilling to pay the prices then existing for a stock of wool, with the certainty that by the time the goods made from it came on the market the duty would be abolished, and loss to themselves ensue.

Therefore the price of American wool began to decline, and kept on declining; and it has now reached its lowest point—the free trade price. To illustrate this, we give below a table showing the market prices of Ohio XX, a standard grade, on the 1st of each month, from March 1, 1893, when Cleveland was inaugurated, to the present month—October 1, 1894. These prices are those actually paid by Justice Bateman & Co., wool merchants, of Philadelphia. To show the variation of the free trade price for wool, the second column gives the quotations for good average Port Philip (Australian) wool, which is of about the same kind and quality as Ohio XX, though a good Port Philip wool is rather better. Look at the figures:

	Ohio XX.	Port Philip.
March 1, 1893	30½	..
April 1, 1893	30½	..
May 1, 1893	29	..
June 1, 1893	27	..
July 1, 1893	25	..
August 1, 1893	25	18
September 1, 1893	25	18
October 1, 1893	25	18
November 1, 1893	24	18
December 1, 1893	24	18
January 1, 1894	24	18
February 1, 1894	24	19
March 1, 1894	23½	19
April 1, 1894	23½	19
May 1, 1894	23½	19
June 1, 1894	21½	18
July 1, 1894	21½	18
August 1, 1894	21½	18
September 1, 1894	19	18
October 1, 1894	18½	18

The duty on wools of the grade of Ohio XX, under the McKinley law, was 11 cents per pound. The above table shows the steady decline in the price of that wool from 30 1-2 cents per pound on March 1, 1893, to 18 1-2 cents a pound on the 1st of the present month. The price of Australian (Port Philip) wool shows only a slight variation, and is the same to-day it was on March 1, 1893—18 1-2 cents a pound. There is no reasonable outlook for any return to the protective price under the present tariff law. Our imports of foreign wools are large, and our farmers must compete with them.

To show that in selecting Ohio XX as a representative grade we are not arguing from a single isolated grade, whose showing as to price is most favorable for the purpose in view, we add a table, giving the grades of wool sold in the Eastern markets, with the market price of each on March 1, 1893, in Philadelphia; the price on August 27, 1894, when the present tariff became a law, and the price on October 1, 1894, which was 35 days after the bill became a law:

	Price March 1, 1893.	Price Aug. 27, 1894, when the free wool bill became a law.	Price Oct. 1, 1894—35 days after the free wool bill became a law.
	This date was in full force	McKinley law a	
Ohio fine delaine	32½	22½	20
Ohio XX, washed	30½	22	18½
Ohio fine, unwashed	23	14	13
Ohio medium washed combing	36	24	23
Ohio medium washed clothing	34½	23	22
Ohio quarter blood washed combing	35	24	23½
Ohio quarter blood washed clothing	34	23	22
Indiana quarter blood unwashed combing	27	20	19
Indiana quarter blood unwashed clothing	26	18¾	17½
Indiana medium unwashed combing	27	19	17½
Indiana medium unwashed clothing	26	17	16
New York and Michigan fine washed delaine	30	21½	18
New York and Michigan fine washed clothing	26½	18	16
New York and Michigan fine unwashed	21	13½	12
New York and Michigan medium washed combing	35	23½	22½
New York and Michigan medium washed clothing	33½	21	20
New York and Michigan quarter blood washed combing	35	24	23½
New York and Michigan quarter blood washed clothing	33½	23	22
Fine territorial (70 per cent shrink)	17	11	10

From this table the average decline in the 19 months from March 1, 1893, to October 1, 1894, can easily be figured, and will be found to be 37.08 per cent. Between the day the present tariff became a law (August 27) and October 1, the average decline was 7.24 per cent. American wools are to-day practically on a parity with wools of the same kind and quality on the London market, which have remained practically unchanged in price for over a year. Here is the truth of the wool matter. It remains for the American people to express their verdict upon it at the polls in November.

Congressman Harter, of Mansfield, is out in a letter in which he emphatically declares against the free silver plank in the state platform of his party, and that in consequence he will take no part in the present campaign. The Democratic brethren are by no means united on this heresy, which will run its course as did the greenback lunacy some twenty years ago.

The Czar is dying. The passing away of no other European potentate would be fraught with as much importance. The Czar is an autocrat, untrammeled by constitutional provisions or legislative action. He does as he wills. Hence the future policy of Russia will depend upon the views and ambitions of the new ruler; and what these are no one can tell.

WHAT THE ISSUE IS.

It is hardly necessary to remind Michigan and Northwestern Ohio newspaper readers that the Detroit Evening News has been, ever since it has existed, a rabid free trade advocate. It has preached the doctrines of Cobdenism in season and out of season. Consequently it has supported the Democratic party, and has been especially warm in upholding Cleveland ever since 1884. With these facts in view, it is somewhat startling to read the following extract from the editorial columns of yesterday's News. These form the closing paragraphs of a discussion of Tom Reed's great speech in New York city on Saturday evening:

The News, convinced that the Democratic party as at present constituted has proved itself thoroughly incompetent to redeem its promises and shift the country from a protection to a free trade basis without wrecking its prosperity, has for some time held that it is better to get along under any kind of a tariff, or any sort of a principle, provided only it is durable and reasonably persistent, than to die of disaster and bankruptcy under a threat of impending changes and another upheaval and disturbance of values.

Mr. Reed is quite right, therefore, in arraigning those Democratic leaders from the President down, who insist that even the small measure of reform that they have managed to extort from their dissensions and fears, is to be used not to settle and tranquilize but to disturb and distract the business world. He is right in appealing to every voter to condemn and prevent this mad and suicidal project. The country needs rest and an opportunity to recuperate before it undergoes another operation at the hands of such incompetent and butchering surgeons as have in White House and Congress undertaken to heal the diseases which they advertise loudly in the Chicago platform they could so easily and so radically cure.

For once we agree fully and heartily with the News. The issue before the people in the fall elections is

"Down with tariff uncertainty!"

What the business of the country needs, above all other things, is stable conditions. As the question of the rates of duty on imports which compete with our own products enters into every ramification of business from the production of the raw material, through the processes of manufacture, and through all channels of distribution down to the consumer, and involves the question of the amount of profits to the manufacturer, wholesaler, jobber, and retailer, as well as the rate of wages paid the labor required to produce and distribute these products, any change in tariff duties, or any crusade for a change, unsettles business, paralyzes industry, and injures labor.

What the country demands is stable conditions. This tariff monkeying must be ended.

The revision of the tariff by the Fifty-first Congress, resulting in the passage of the McKinley law, did not injure our industries, nor unfavorably affect labor, because the country knew that the revision would proceed on protective lines, and consequently that duties on competing foreign products would not be reduced so as to allow unfair competition by cheap foreign labor. There was in this revision no threat of reduced wages, no enmity to American producers.

There was no uncertainty, therefore no paralysis of industry or labor or commerce.

But the triumph of Democracy in 1892 was a direct threat at all these things. The promise of the Democratic platform was to destroy protection. The results have been known to all men for over a year. It is not necessary to enumerate them. Finally the tariff of the trusts became a law, and business is endeavoring to adjust itself to the new conditions, while labor is reluctantly compelled to accept the new wage-level in many industries which the new law renders imperative.

But Cleveland, and Wilson, and the whole pestilent brood of free trade doctrinaires, are announcing that the present law is but a beginning; that the warfare shall go on until the country reaches the free trade standard. This threat of further paralysis of industry and trade, of further disturbance and distraction of the business world, forms the issue before the people in this campaign. As the News says, Mr. Reed "is right in appealing to every voter to condemn and prevent this mad and suicidal project."

The way to do it is to elect a Republican majority to the next House, and thus tie the hands of Cleveland, Wilson, et al.

The issue is not free silver. That is a blundering subterfuge to get away from the condemnation of the American people. The issue and the only issue is,

"Down with tariff tinkering!"

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

The English historian, Froude, whose death has just been announced by cable, stood in nearly the same relation to accepted historical facts that Col. Ingersoll does to modern religious beliefs. Froude displayed the temper of a skeptic. In fact, there was in him a sort of mental perverseness which not only impelled him to challenge the usual historical estimate regarding great personages, and the events with which their careers were involved, but to endeavor to prove the falsity of received opinions, and the truth of their opposite. He was, like Ingersoll, though not in so great a degree, the opponent of accepted religious beliefs. According to Froude, for instance, Mary, Queen of Scots, was by no means the martyr the world believes, nor was Henry VIII. anything like the monster which so many believe him to be.

This audacious method of assaulting old historical beliefs, given in graphic style and with rhetorical brilliancy, gave to Froude a vast constituency among the reading public, though the thinkers largely dissented from the views and judgments he stated in a taking though dogmatic way. His work will always occupy a prominent place in English historical literature, though his reversals of historic judgments will not be accepted to any large extent by future historians. Such men, however, have an important function to fill in the world. He demanded—and obtained—a re-examination of the evidence on which the accepted facts of that portion of history of which he treated rest, and thus will lead, in the future, to probable modifications in some points. If the severe dictum that "history is but the world's agreement as to what to believe concerning past events" be admitted, then Froude's work was one eminently necessary, that the agreement may be as near the real facts as it is possible to reach.

The bad judgment of the man who starts to walk across the continent on a wager is equaled only by the lack of wisdom on the part of the Democrat who runs for office this year.

Another Japanese victory is reported. As usual, the Chinese authorities claim to have no knowledge that a battle has been fought.

Sister: "How do you like the young woman from Boston?"

Brother: "Oh, very well; only she uses such big words. I gave her a flower and she wouldn't call it by anything but its scientific name."

Sister: "But you always liked botany?"

Brother: "It wasn't her botany I objected to. It was her haughty culture."

—Brooklyn Life.

A WONDERFUL WORK OF ART.

We are pleased to announce to the readers of The Weekly Blade that we have secured and will shortly offer, a series of nearly 400 photographic illustrations, entitled, "Early Footsteps of the Man of Galilee."

These illustrations are printed in portfolio parts, there being some sixteen large photographic illustrations to each part, and the series will be issued in 24 or more parts.

These engravings are the finest ever executed for any publication, each being 8x10 inches in size, with full description underneath.

The publication of this series is attended by enormous expense, for the reason that an author, an artist, and the necessary party, were sent last summer, making a tour of the Holy Land, going over the identical ground made sacred by the footsteps of Christ, from his birthplace to the cross.

The expenses were enormous on account of the method of traveling in that primitive country, as more than a ton of photographic material had to be transported on the backs of mules and camels.

Each one of these views was taken on the spot last summer, by this party, sent for that very purpose; therefore everything is new, and has never been published before.

Beginning with next week we shall advertise these portfolios, announcing one portfolio per week. We know that every reader of The Weekly Blade will be interested in this series; and we shall supply them to our readers, at a price that will only cover the cost to us.

We shall adopt methods whereby we shall supply only subscribers to and actual readers of The Weekly Blade. Our plan will be announced next week.

In the meantime, we wish to say that next week we shall announce Part I. This portfolio contains 16 of the finest illustrations of the Holy Land ever published in the world. We know most of our readers will want the full series; but, in the beginning, we want every one of the 100,000 readers of The Weekly Blade to order Part I. It will only cost 10 cents. Please bear in mind that when you receive Part I you will get more than the value of your 10 cents; and you are under no obligation to order the succeeding parts.

We assure everybody that it will be to their advantage to order Part I anyhow, to see what a magnificent work of art it is. While no one is obliged to order the succeeding numbers, we are very certain that 90,000 people will order Part II, if 100,000 people order Part I.

This is merely a preliminary announcement. Do not order Part I on the mere reading of this, but wait until the advertisement appears next week, which will give very fully the plan and conditions of supplying the work.

WHAT WILSON ACTUALLY SAID.

Professor Wilson complained that Republican papers and orators "garbled" one paragraph of that unpatriotic speech he made at the banquet of the London Board of Trade, tendered him because of his efforts to promote British industries and British commerce at the expense of our own. The paragraph of which he complained is herewith given. It is copied from the report of the banquet published in the London Times of the next morning:

Our protectionists have been building defenses to keep you and other nations from competing with us in our home market. The tariff reformers are breaking down these defenses to let us compete in all the markets of the world. Now, when released from such vicious laws, there will be a new era and a revival of the American merchant marine, as well as a steady increase in our exports.

We do not see that this makes any better cure for Mr. Wilson. He admits that he and his fellow-doctrinaires have been legislating to give Great Britain a freer entry to our magnificent market; and every one knows that every additional dollar's worth of goods imported in consequence means that much less manufactured here, and correspondingly less employment for American labor.

Where are the markets of the world one-tenth as valuable as our own? Where can we send exports that the wages of labor will not be less than they are here? Will Mr. Wilson specify? All that the new tariff law will do will be to pull American wages down to the foreign level; that is all.

There are 300,000 employes engaged in Ohio manufactories. Their loss in wages in 1893 over 1892 reaches the enormous sum of $20,000,000. For this the Democratic party is responsible.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

Dun's weekly review of trade gives the keynote to the business situation when it says that cotton and wheat lower than they have ever been since the present classifications were known, with exports of a million in gold, instead of products at such abnormally low prices, are the salient features of the past week. The distribution of manufactured goods is better than at the corresponding period a year ago, but less than the normal distribution in prosperous times. The consumption is not equal to the manufacturers' output, hence prices have weakened. The decline in print cloths is simply an adjustment to the large decline in the price of raw cotton.

The volume of unemployed money in New York has grown so great that the banks there are discussing the necessity of reducing the rate of interest allowed to country banks for deposits. At present they allow 1 1-2 to 2 per cent, and it is probable that this will be reduced to 1 per cent. The feeling among the New York banks is that there is no sign of improvement in the money market, and easy money will continue until next spring. Meanwhile the country banks' balances in New York have been piling up, and the reduction of the rate is necessary to avoid loss.

The money market in New York last week was somewhat demoralized. Call loans, which have for so long ruled at 1 per cent, have fallen to 1-2 of 1 per cent, loans of round amounts having been placed at that figure. So far as time money is concerned, there appears to be no demand of consequence; certainly almost none for short dates. Commission houses are likewise represented as having made engagements for long dates fully up to their probable requirements. Contracts are freely offered at 2 per cent for 90 days and at 3 per cent for six to nine months.

There was, last week, no change in the stock market of any importance. The falling off in railroad earnings caused a decline in the prices of railway stocks. The September decline was a little over 6 per cent, as compared with last year. But the reports for the first and second weeks of October show an increased traffic.

The silver market has been dull and quiet, changes in quotations being merely fractional. The only news of any importance in this connection is the announcement that a dollar will be coined at the Bombay mint, on private account, for circulation in the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, the English authorities having yielded to the demands of commercial bodies at her Eastern dependencies. Bar silver closed in New York on Saturday at 63@63 1-2 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 63 3-8@64 cents for government assay bars.

ANOTHER TARIFF BLUNDER.

Every one knows that the new tariff law is a crude thing, full of blunders, due partly to ignorance and partly to a dull, stupid unreasoning opposition to doing anything that would promote our own industrial interests. A new blunder has just developed. When the lumber schedule was under discussion in committee of the whole House, there was an effort made, by a few of the members who know something practically of the subject, to have a clause inserted putting it in the power of the executive to enforce a retaliatory duty in case the Canadian government should take undue advantage in the lumber trade with the United States. But the doctrinaires would have no safeguards provided.

Now the news comes that the Canadian government has taken the advantage so freely given by the Democrats, and decided that lumber firms engaged in towing logs from Canada must pay a duty of 20 per cent. ad valorem on all their boom sticks entering Canadian ports, and must pay it every time they enter. This practically amounts to confiscation. The object is to have the sawing all done in Canadian mills, thus benefiting Canadian industries and workingmen. Of course there is no fault to be found with the Canadian government for its protective policy. The blunder was in our own Congress, in enacting a law which gave the opportunity for this discrimination against a great American industry.

President Cleveland says there must be no "pernicious political activity" among federal office holders, but Vice President Stevenson is going right along making campaign speeches every day. But then Grover understands that Adlai is harmless.

PURELY PERSONAL.

The monument erected to Lincoln in Edinburgh is the only memorial of the kind in Europe.

Irving's extravagance in giving his plays magnificent stage settings has several times brought him to the verge of financial ruin.

President John Dole, of Hawaii, who was born in 1844, is the child of American missionaries. He was educated in this country at Williams college.

Major Morrill, the Republican candidate for governor of Kansas, gave Tom Reed, of Maine, his first certificate to teach school. Mr. Reed will go to Kansas to make speeches for Mr. Morrill.

A couple of before-the-war slaves, Green Cook and his wife, who now reside in Moberly, Mo., have just celebrated their golden wedding, having taken each other for better or worse while they were still chattels.

The Confederate veterans of Nashville, Tenn., propose to erect a monument in that city to Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Confederate cavalry commander. It is proposed to unveil the monument during the Nashville centennial exposition in 1897.

Great preparations are being made in Sweden for the celebration on December 9 of the 300th anniversary of the birth of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's great and famous ruler, whose sword carried him almost always to victory. King Oscar has issued a proclamation regarding the celebration.

King Humbert is a royal sportsman of unusual skill with a rifle. He went out from his hunting lodge at Valle Dell Orco one day recently and killed eighteen wild goats and 32 chamois. When the game was examined it was found that every one of the victims of the royal rifle had been shot in the head.

Guy de Maupassant's body is soon to be removed from the Montparnasse cemetery, where it now lies, to a place in Pere Lachaise, between the graves of Balzac and Gerard de Nerval. At the foot of the grave will rise a block of rough stone, shaped like a Breton menhir, with no inscription but his name.

A statue of the poet Shelley has been modeled by Professor Lucchesi. The statue will be erected at Via Reggio, near the place where the body of the poet was washed ashore. The project was started by a Via Reggio lawyer named Caesar Puccioni. Gladstone, Swinburne and the Italian writers Borghi and De Amicis, were contributors to the fund.

Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner, of New York, known as the "Tombs Angel," has been doing for nearly ten years her good work of seeking to free from jail innocent persons who are falsely accused. Although she is most of the time on about $20,000 bail bonds, she has not, in all her experience, lost more than $1,000, and she was cheated out of a large part of that sum by a dishonest lawyer.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Margaret Eleanor Tupper, a daughter of the poet Tupper, has just died in London.

Miss Frances E. Willard is the first maiden lady who has ever declared her 55th birthday in a public manner.

The only daughter of Sig. Crispi, the Premier of Italy, has become engaged to Prince di Lingualossa, a Sicilian.

It is said that no woman can ever be a great humorist, because all great humorists must learn by knowing how to laugh at themselves.

Miss Alice Catlin, the nominee for superintendent of public instruction for the state of Colorado, accompanies Governor Waite on his stumping tours.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Bull, of New York, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son. Mrs. Bull was formerly the wife of James G. Blaine, jr.

A violent discussion is going on in France over the co-education of the sexes, and French public sentiment is much opposed to the attempt to introduce it.

Beatrice Harraden, after the ships have passed in the night, has a habit of running barefoot on the grass of the lawn to bathe her feet in the morning dew.

Cleopatra was a Greek, not an Egyptian, and it is supposed by some that she was of the red-haired type of women, whom the Greeks admired excessively.

Rosa Bonheur is over 70 years of age, and not finding her easel sufficient to occupy her time and consume her energy, she has taken up with photography as an additional work.

Ora Keed and Mollie Kees, two young girls, have started a paper at Grayson, Ky. It is called the Eastern Kentucky Republican, and, as its name implies, is Republican to the core.

The statement that Miss Philippa Fawcett, the "Senior Wrangler," is about to begin a business career as a civil engineer is said to be unfounded. She has no present intention of leaving Newnham college.

About 100 dress-reform women of Topeka, Kas., are to come out in reformed dress. It will consist of Turkish trousers, a close or loose waist, as the wearer may prefer, and cloth leggings. The women will organize into relief squads, so that a number of them in the new garb may always be on evidence in the streets.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Fountain Box Babbit is an eccentrically named lawyer of old Kaintuck.

The favorite daughter of the late Prof. Helmholtz, of Berlin, is the wife of the eminent Dr. von Siemens.

King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is said to be the only European monarch who accepts the Darwinian theory.

President Warren, of Boston University, asks for $100,000 with which to found an "American museum of all religions."

It was at the old court house in Washington, Ky., that Mrs. Stowe first saw a negro auction and formed the idea of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

W. Tang, of the sanitary corps of Hamburg, saved, August 3, a man from drowning. Reference to his diary showed that he was the 25th man saved by Herr Tang.

Mrs. George W. Childs has a splendid collection of silver. One of the pieces is a silver gilt wine cooler, one foot in height, with four raised circular panels of cupids and graces.

Mrs. Adeline Knapp, who has been for several years race track reporter for the San Francisco Call, rides man fashion in Turkish trousers, a cutaway coat and a silk hat. She owns a number of fine horses.

Robert Tyler Jones, grandson of President Tyler, and the first male infant born in the White House, has been found living in the direst poverty with his wife and infant in an attic on the outskirts of Washington.

Dr. Waldo, medical officer in Southwark, London, claims to have found thirteen kinds of microbes in one loaf of newly made bread. Dr. Troitzki, a noted Russian physician, writes to a medical journal recommending everybody to eat new, hot bread.

In a recent discussion on Irish education Mr. Knox observed half humorously that what Ireland wanted was an "innocent" history of Ireland, that is, a history that could be read by both Catholics and Protestants without giving offense. Mr. Morley thought the suggestion hopeless.

FEEDING WHEAT TO STOCK.

The Kansas state board of agriculture, whose reports are among the best in the United States, has just issued a very timely one, devoted to the feeding of wheat to farm animals. The secretary of the board some months ago sent out printed inquiry sheets to a thousand farmers, and others best situated and equipped for discriminating observation. This report is compiled from the replies received.

The report shows that, because of the heavy product and the low range of prices,

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters.

Offer No. 1—Gold Watch, Men's Size, $15.75.

The watch and casemakers of the United States have been trying to produce at a low price a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in appearance, time-keeping qualities, durability, etc., and have succeeded beyond their highest expectations. This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape, or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which of course will wear for generations. The works contain the Logan celebrated Breguet hair spring—a regulator so simple that a child can work it, jeweled in all important parts with precious stones; compensation expansion balance safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be entirely unnecessary. The movement is made by the celebrated Elgin Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch is offered to "Blade" subscribers only, in any subscriber may buy all he wants for his friends. This watch comes in Hunting case only.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size Gold Watch, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $18. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Open Face Gold Watch, $11.50.

Men's size, open face, either engraved or engine turned, gold watch, $11.50. No. 3 is a magnificent gold filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years, just like solid gold. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

Offer No. 4—Men's Open Face Solid Nickel Silver, $5.50.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is made of a composition of silver and nickel, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. We send it to subscribers, delivery guaranteed, for $5.50. Screw case, dust proof.

Offer No. 5—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case; Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $30 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two very heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it can not be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and their professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers, for $22.00.

Offer No. 26—Men's Size—Open Face Silver, $6.50.

This is a seven jewel Waltham or Elgin, open face only, stiffened silver case. In other words, in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the watch clumsy and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and were it not for the fact that purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy, solid coin silver case. This watch does not come in Hunting case—open face only—with a heavy beveled plate glass crystal; strong and durable. The dial is of white porcelain, either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $6.50.

Offer No. 27—Men's Size—Coin Silver, $10.00.

This is a solid, coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch, open face or Hunting. This is the newest silver case in the market, being the same model as our "Blade Special Watch No. 5." Heretofore this model case was only made in solid gold and high priced, gold filled watch cases, and it has taken so well that the manufacturer has placed this coin silver watch on the market. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all latest improvements. We will deliver this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

Offer No. 28—A Strong, Cheap Watch, only $1.90, by registered mail.

This is a new, cheap watch for boys, and just the thing for farmers in the field, or the fast-going man at work. Nickel plated, stem wind, and ordinary size of an open face silver watch. Very strong and will keep good time. Price, by registered mail, only $1.90.

"Crescent Street" Waltham Watch, Men's Size. Pride of the Waltham Factory.

The best full-size Waltham watch is called "CRESCENT STREET." This watch is made from the very finest materials, each part being selected by expert workmen. Every wheel is perfect, every jewel is a precious stone, every pinion is polished to the highest degree. In fact, this watch is as the Waltham Company guarantees, "perfect in construction and finish." The company also says in its catalogue that this is "the finest full plate movement in the world." The full plate is a recent improvement in watch work. It is a metal cap, covering all the mechanism, excepting the balance, thus saving many bills for repairing. These celebrated works are full jeweled with 17 ruby jewels in solid gold settings. They contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator and double sunk dial, made expressly for this watch. The dial is genuine.

No. 102—Crescent street, gold filled, 20 year, hunting or open face case..... $37 00
No. 103—Crescent Street, gold filled, 15 year, hunting or open face case..... 33 25
No. 104—Crescent Street, 2 oz. coin silver, hunting or open face case..... 27 85
No. 105—Crescent Street, solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case..... 25 00

"Appleton, Tracy & Co.," Waltham—Men's Size.

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO." is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full jeweled with 15 extra fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, isochronism and position, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris, and beat all competitors, both American and Foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in—

No. 106—Solid 14 kt. gold, 4 dwt., hunting case, only..... $44 00
No. 107—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. hunting case 23 50
No. 1 8—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. open face..... 22 50
No. 109—2 oz. solid coin silver, hunting or open face..... 17 50
No. 110—Stiffened silver, open face, only..... 15 5
No. 111—Solid nickel silver case, open face.. 12 75

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 15—Solid Gold, $22.00.

The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret process are now known from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14 kt. United States assay, handsomely engraved. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $22.00.

Offer No. 16—Gold Filled, $13.50—Waltham or Elgin.

Is a lady's gold filled engraved watch, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear fifteen years. The works contain seven jewels, exposed pallets, safety pinion, and all improvements. Price, delivery guaranteed, $13.50.

Offer No. 17—Solid Gold, Waltham or Elgin, $16.00.

Is a lady's solid gold hunting or open face case, very delicately engraved, contains a Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels. A perfect time keeper. Postpaid, $16.00.

Offer No. 18—Gold Filled, Ladies' "Skylight" Watch, $12.00.

Is a 14 kt. gold filled engraved "skylight" Waltham or Elgin, guaranteed to wear twenty years. The case is made by placing two heavy sheets of 14 kt. gold, reinforced between with a thin sheet of stiff composition, which makes a perfect case for protecting the works. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece, hinges, and every part subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, while the gold is brought down over the edges of the composition metal and joined in such a way that even an expert is obliged to cut the case to find that it is not solid gold. We will deliver this watch for $12.00. Open face only.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address,

"THE BLADE," Toledo, O.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish, wears as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 10
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 30 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $60 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving point d, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers and the 30 books will weigh about 15 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address THE BLADE Toledo, Ohio.

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent postpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The Christine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz.
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 75
Tablespoons	4 00	7 50
Table forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 50
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$ 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	2 00
Fish forks, "	2 50
Oyster ladles, "	3 00
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	3 plate.	4 plate.
Sugar bowl	$ 75	$2 50
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle castor	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	3 25

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

Prices Reduced—Better Grades and New Styles.

Some months ago we discontinued the sale of mackintoshes, but have now made a new arrangement whereby we are enabled to supply better goods, at about a third less than our prices last spring. We offer both single-texture and double-texture goods, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but substantially sewed. We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office.

In Men's goods we offer three grades, breast measurement ranging from 36 to 46 inches, each coat 53 inches long, of double-texture goods, handsome plaid lining. In ordering, care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as changes can not be made. Here are the styles and prices:

Men's Waterproof.

Men's dark blue (F 27) or black (F 1), sewed and seamed, double-texture, delivered at any express office in the U. S., prepaid $8.00
(Our former price, $8.85.)

Men's plain Paretta double-texture, sewed and seamed, black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $7.00
(Former price, $8.85.)

Men's double-texture gray wool (28), storm coat and general overcoat, delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $7.00
(This is a new offer, and a coat that once retailed at $18 to $20.)

Ladies' Waterproof.

Women's single-texture diagonal black (F 25), or blue (F 27), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $4.50
(Former price, $5.95.)

Women's double-texture Inverness, plain black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S. $8.00
(This last triple-cape garment is a new style and a new thing in waterproof garments.)

All remittances must be sent to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

HER BEDROOM CANDLE.

Its Light Makes a New and Effective Background for the Heroine.

In the old-fashioned English novels a very fascinating episode to the sentimental young woman reader was always that charming time, at or near midnight, when the lovely girl guest was described as climbing the long stairs with her bedroom candle-tick

WHEN SHE SAYS "GOOD NIGHT."

in her hand, casting witching glances back at the adoring man in the hall below.

Real English bedroom candlesticks are now to be had in all the art shops; they are of Japanned tin in shape like a deep saucer or shallow bowl, with a little china cup to hold the candle, and they have a large ring for a candle. As they come in all the new colors, old blue, old rose, pale lovers' green, and lemon yellow, the girl who wishes to feel herself the harmonious heroine in a modern Jane Austen novel can have an English candlestick for every gown and float up to her dreams each night in a symphony of a different color.

The Parson's Caution.

"My people so theatric are,"
Said Rev. Dr. Gleanem,
"I dare not read the Acts, for fear
They might go out between 'em."
—Richmond Dispatch.

Hewers and Drawers Depicted.

Every ordinary occupation in the life of ancient Egypt is found depicted on the tombs of her people.—Antiquities.

Queen Bess's Profitable Farming.

Queen Elizabeth farmed out the customs during a large part of her long reign.—Philadelphia Press.

DO NOT INTRODUCE MUCH.

THAT SEEMS TO BE THE RULE IN THE VERY BEST OF SOCIETY.

The Etiquette of Introductions and the Reasons for Its Seeming Coldness—About Ball Introductions.

Regulations which govern the presentation of men and women to each other as members of society are based on common sense and necessity, although every one unites to abuse them.

A hostess would have time for nothing else and would be constantly absent from her post to greet new comers if she insisted upon introducing all of her guests to each other.

The trouble with us in large cities, says a social authority in the New York Press, is that this branch of eti-

"MISS BROWN, MAY I PRESENT MY FRIEND, MR. JONES?"

quette is founded on English manners, and we stop there instead of following up its real meaning, which is, that under the roof all are friends. If this were observed, then guests would talk generally, and things move more gracefully.

But rarely a woman could introduce her friends at dinner or a ladies' luncheon and not tax herself?

Probably. But usage is the law, the judge, the rule of manners as of speech, and since no one does, then no one brings it into favor. It is not considered necessary to present people generally, only each gentleman to his partner for dinner, or, if there is a lion, every one is presented to him or her. Personally, I can not see why at small affairs this conventionality should be observed.

Nothing is worse form than indiscriminate introductions. Members of society should not force upon others the people they themselves do not care to know, and a person should always be asked if an acquaintance is desired. True, it is not considered necessary to acknowledge a casual acquaintance, but a little tact prevents all unpleasantness.

At one's "at home" day it is not good form to present the coming to the parting guest, especially if they are women who live in the same town. Calls would have been exchanged, or some common friend arranged their meeting if there had been any reason or desire for acquaintance.

Street introductions are also superfluous. You may be with friends and stop to shake hands with people you have not seen in some time, but if there is no especial desire on your part for these people to meet, it is much wiser and more polite not to introduce them.

In point of precedence in presenting, there is none; only the younger woman to the elder, and a man to a woman, a professional man always by his title. The woman in her own home should always shake hands with, a guest is presented, men should shake each other's hands. I think the Southern fashion of a woman extending her hand to a man charming. It is now carried out to some extent in New York.

At a ball the introductions should be distinctly formal. Hand shaking is not correct, and here again common sense comes in, for it is most awkward for a woman to place flowers and fan while shaking hands.

No man when presented to a woman at a dance, should fail in asking for her card. His introduction means a dance.

What is the best form of presenting people?

None is so good as the simplest. "Miss Brown, may I present my friend, Mr. Jones?" is all that is most elegant.

At any function less important than a large ball it is always pleasant to add a little note of interest to the presentation, which makes the ice and leads the way to conversation.

These matters may seem a bit trival at first, but the omission of them does not lead to pleasureable results.

Baled Hay Under Foot.

It is said that paving blocks made of compressed hay are being experimented with in the West.—Boston Transcript.

Tale of a Rosebush.

In Stuttgart there is a rosebush that covers a space of 230 square feet.—Filegende Blaetter.

WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GRAY.

Hints as to Its Proper Care—Don't Try to Color It.

Concerning gray hair, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, there seems to be no rational theory for change in the color of the hair except that of loss of pigment-color and presence of gaseous matter in the hair shaft. This may be the result of natural or artificial causes. Probably among Americans the early age at which the hair blanches is due largely to nervous conditions.

Mental and physical disturbances undoubtedly often affect the secreting apparatus of the hair, destroying coloring matter, for history records instances of the change of hair from dark to white in a single night, through the cerebral excitement of some great loss, bodily or mental anguish; neither can coloring matter once entirely destroyed be restored. Do not believe the quacks who pretend to restore gray hair to the youthful color in any other way than by dyeing, for science has not yet discovered a method by which pigment, once entirely exhausted, can be renewed.

Dark hair may be bleached, but no sane person could be deceived by the dull, lifeless yellow hair so treated, neither does dye deceive any one, and a woman who would look charming with a head of white hair kept perfectly clean and fluffy with legitimate treatment, becomes disgusting when she resorts to such flagrantly artificial means for keeping the hair dark or blonde.

When one's hair turns gray attention should be directed toward keeping it scrupulously clean; toward keeping the complexion delicate and fine with color, the eyes bright and the expression animated; for a brilliant face, framed by snowy hair, has a peculiar charm, if the hair be abundant and becomingly arranged.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

I am thankful for the beauty
Of the sunny days of June;
For the stately hooded lilies,
And the roses' rich perfume;
For the pathway through the forest,
Like some dim cathedral aisle,
Where the somber surpliced pine trees
Chanteth dirges all the while.
For the purpling wind-swept grasses
For the ripening fields of grain,
For the sweet-voiced robin calling,
And the glint of summer rain.
The blue sky arching over,
And the fleecy clouds that pass,
For the violet peeping shyly
From among the blades of grass.
For the mountains towering lonely
In the silence stern and grand,
And the ocean's crested billows
Kneeling at the shore's command.
For the frost that locks the river
Firmly with a silver band,
And the snow flakes drifting stilly
Over all the peaceful land.
For the friends I have around me,
For the good the world contains,
For the hope which lives within me
Joy that far outweighs the pains,
For the boon of life, I'm thankful,
And I wait the Shepherd's call,
Oh, the world is full of beauty,
And the Lord is over all.

The First Telegram.

Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of the commissioner of patents at the period, was the first of a vast multitude whose thoughts had been tapped for readers from a wire miles away from the spot where, but a moment before, they were originally uttered. She had brought the anxious inventor the earliest information of the successful passage of the bill which was so important to him and to the world. Had any early watchdog of the Treasury been on duty on that eventful night, our present well-developed telegraph system would have suffered a long set-back. It was no sentimental nor mercenary phrase that the young lady presented as the initial message of this wire-chasing Mercury, this new swift word-carrier for mortal man, but one of wide and serious scope. Its words, "What hath God wrought?" have become almost as familiar to American readers as a passage of Holy Writ. In the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford is a long narrow strip of white paper embossed with a line of the Morse alphabet, and bearing Professor Morse's signature to an inscription stating this to be the first message which went over the line, and giving the name of Miss Ellsworth as the sender.—George J. Varney, in October Lippincott's.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U. S. A.

A VERY POSSIBLE STORY.

Written Expressly for The Blade by W. H. Bishop, and Published Exclusively in its Columns.

The above is the title of a new serial which will be commenced in the issue of The Blade for next Thursday, November 1. It is the best story we have ever given our readers. It will be, without a shadow of doubt,

The Literary Sensation of the Year!

The title is a striking one, and may be deemed strange; but it fits the story perfectly. This is a time of discontent. Labor claims that it does not get its fair and proper share of the wealth it produces. This story propounds a common-sense, practical and practicable

Solution of the Labor Question.

There are thousands of women in the United States who dream of a higher destiny for their sex than the dull round of cooking, of dusting and sweeping and washing, of darning and mending. They long for the day when woman, without losing one iota of her womanliness, will be recognized as the helpmeet for man, not as his drudge, his slave, or his toy. They will be instructed in this new story, for it shows the only practical path to the

True Emancipation of Woman!

This is a time of religious ferment and discussion. There are thousands who are thinking upon the stupendous problems of the future life, and searching to prove the truths of revelation by the light of science. We all know how hard this is to do. But this new story of The Blade's will discuss a plan for

The Religion of the Future

Which will not shock the views of any devout Christian, nor can it be scouted by even an agnostic or a Roman Catholic—nor yet by a pagan.

The boys will not stay on the farm because of the hard, monotonous work and the isolation of country life. They long for the conveniences and pleasures of urban life, and drift into the cities. How to solve this problem is shown in our new story—a completely possible way of

Bringing Farm and City Together!

So that the pleasant side of each life can be enjoyed, and farm work be divested of all its hard features.

Nor is this splendid story—"The Garden of Eden, U. S. A.,"—a mere resume of the fads of a dreamer, without interest. It is a

Story of Modern Life and Love!

Absorbingly interesting, clean, helpful and strong. It will be read with delight by young and old. There is nothing in it that can contaminate the minds of the youthful. On the contrary, it will give young and old light on modern problems; and when the last chapter is read, every one can not help saying,

"Well, Why Not?"

Send us the names of friends who do not take The Blade, and we shall be glad to mail them sample copies of the issue of November 1, containing the opening chapters of this splendid serial.

FEEDING WHEAT TO ANIMALS

HOW THEY ARE SUCCEEDING OUT IN KANSAS.

A Most Profitable Mode of Marketing Wheat—The Results With Various Kinds of Stock.

The feeding of wheat to farm animals is now being practiced throughout the United States, and it is a thing in which farmers are greatly interested. In the report of the Kansas state Board of Agriculture for the quarter ending September 30, 1894, the matter is treated exhaustively by Secretary F. D. Coburn, as well as by many correspondents. The agricultural press has been also drawn upon for information relative on the subject named. The report shows to what extent the previous year's crop was used as animal food, the preferred methods of preparation and using, its approximate cost of production in Kansas with varying yields, the ordinary returns from its use as a food, its merit as a growth, meat and milk-maker as compared with corn (the chief staple and generally accepted standard in the Central West), etc.

The report say that of the 24,827,523 bushels of winter and spring wheat raised in Kansas in 1893 there has been used as feed for farm animals 4,059,323 bushels or 16.4 per cent., when fed whole, especially to hogs, 25 per cent. of it passes the animals unmasticated, and hence undigested and unassimulated. Average estimates made by 81 correspondents in 20 counties is, that above 30 per cent. is voided without mastication; 12 correspondents, representing five counties, put it at 50 per cent. and a few others name a higher figure, while 40, reporting from 12 counties, average at 10 per cent. Three-fourths of those reporting representing 50 counties state that pound for pound wheat is superior to corn for fattening hogs (even with one-fourth masticated) by 7 to 35 per cent., the average indicating a superiority over corn of 16 per cent., while the average of the other one-fourth of the reports, representing 26 counties, indicate that it was considered of less worth than corn by 12 per cent.

To the question of how much live hogs may be expected as a fair return per bushel of wheat fed to hogs the average of all the answers is 11 pounds.

The average of all the reports as to the cost of wheat, raised and in the bin, including 7 per cent. interest on the value of land upon which raised, also wear and tear of equipment, with different yields shows:

Yield of 10 bushels per acre, 56½ cents per bushel.
Yield of 15 bushels per acre, 48 cents per bushel.
Yield of 20 bushels per acre, 35 4-5 cents per bushel.
Yield of 25 bushels per acre, 31 cents per bushel.
Yield of 30 bushels per acre, 27 cents per bushel.
Yield of 35 bushels per acre, 26 cents per bushel.

The average of wheat land values as stated from all the counties, is $19.35 per acre. As to the value per acre of wheat straw, the composite reply was 81 cents, the extreme range being 25 cents in Thomas and Jewel to $2 in Kiowa.

Responses from 85 counties having all the wheat raised except 181,514 bushels, received within the last ten days of September, this year, to inquiries sent to 500 correspondents, asking their estimates on the per centage of the wheat crop of 1894 which will be fed to farm animals, represent it as 30.4 per cent of the wheat in those counties; a total of 8,524,983 bushels, or 110 per cent (4,465,660 bushels), more than the entire previous year's crop so used.

A summary of conclusions reached by Secretary Coburn, are, in a general way:

In Kansas, under the conditions as to product and prices of wheat and corn existing in the years 1893-'94-'95, wheat has become a very unusual and very important factor in the grain-feeding of all classes of farm-stock.

It is superior to corn, pound for pound, as a grain to produce healthful, well-balanced growth in young animals.

Mixed with corn, oats or bran it is much superior to either alone, for work-horses.

Fed to cows, it is an exceptional milk-producer, and for that purpose corn is scarcely to be compared with it.

For swine of all ages, it is a healthful and agreeable food, giving generous returns in both framework and flesh, but fed whole, especially without soaking, is used at a disadvantage. Ground and made into slops, it is invaluable for sucking sows, and for pigs both before and after weaning.

For cattle, it has, at least as a part of their grain ration, a very high value, which is much enhanced in the line of needed variety by mixing with corn, and in a still greater degree by mixing judiciously with bran, oil cake or other albumnious foods tending to balance the too carbonaceous nature of the clear wheat.

With corn and wheat approximating the same price per bushel, it is not profitable nor wicked to feed the wheat; yet, if it can be ground, rolled, crushed or in some way broken at a total cost not exceeding 5 to 7 cents per bushel, to feed it whole and dry is unwise.

It can be ground at a cost of 5 cents per bushel, and on a majority of Kansas farms for very much less.

If grinding is impracticable, soaking from 24 to 36 hours (the length of time depending some what upon the weather and season) is for various reasons deemed desirable, but not injudicious to any extent that its being moist facilitates swallowing without the mastication or the proper mixing with saliva. Any arrangement or system of feeding by which the grain was delivered in such a way that the animal could eat but slowly, would largely overcome this defect.

It is a superior food for all fowls, and, as a promoter of the maximum egg-production, is unsurpassed by any other grain.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky,
The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
In the churchyard pause to rest,
Happy maid and lover,
Dreaming the old dream over,
The light winds wandered by,
The robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow sweet
Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet
And the ivy running wild,
Tangled ivy and clover,
Folding it over and over;
Close to my sweetheart's feet
Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
She shrunk and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
For a sorrow I did not see;
Lightly the winds were blowing,
Softly her tears were flowing,
Tears for the unknown years
And a sorrow that was to be.
—T. B. Aldrich, in Boston Globe.

Paper From Sunflowers.

It is possible to make paper out of nearly everything, and the latest material suggested is the stalk of the sunflower. Some few weeks ago the experiment was tried at a factory in the Thames valley, first with hammer and an anvil, and afterward with regular paper-making machinery. In the latter instance some 500 pounds of pulp were tested, and they produced about 200 pounds of paper. The substance, however, was of a coarse texture, and far better suited for wrapping up parcels than for taking printer's ink. In fact, the conclusion was that sunflower stalks are too short in fiber to make good paper, without the addition of some foreign material like rags. What is more, the ingredient would have to be nearly 50 per cent of the whole pulp. Accordingly, sunflower paper hardly seems practicable, unless, indeed, its title gave it a fancy value to the survivors of the aesthetic school. Unfortunately they have become so reduced that the market would be extremely limited.—Manchester Courier.

Double Duty.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my holiday as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer."—Tit-Bits.

No Use for Weary Wranglers.

About 250 mendicants of both sexes are every week arrested in St. Petersburg.—Lewistown Journal.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE MAC

UNVEILING OF THE McCLELLAN MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

It Will be Presented to the City by the Monumental Association—Interesting Services to be Held.

Philadelphia, Oct. 23.—The exercises at the unveiling of the bronze statue of Gen. George B. McClellan, which is to be presented to the city by the McClellan Monument association to-morrow are completed. They will begin

GOVERNOR PATTISON.

at 1 o'clock. Gen. William F. (familiarly known as "Baldy") Smith, of this city, will preside, and the oration will be delivered by Gen. W. B. Franklin, of Hartford, Conn. Major Moses Veale will make the presentation speech and Mayor Stuart will respond in behalf of the city. Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and ex-Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, will make addresses. A procession, including the First and part of the Third brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, in fact, the whole division if it can be gotten there, together with troops from New York, New Jersey and Washington, various Grand Army organizations, the Girard College cadets, the Sons of Veterans, and other organizations, will form near Broad street and Susquehanna avenue and march down Broad street as far as Tasker, with a review at the place of the exercises.

An equestrian statue in bronze of Gen. McClellan will be included among the distinguished Pennsylvanians in the Richard Smith memorial monu-

THE McCLELLAN MONUMENT.

MAYOR STUART.

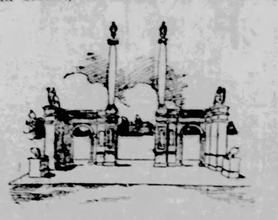
ment which will be erected within a year or two in Fairmount park.

A mural tablet in bronze will be placed upon the pedestal stage of one of the main columns with this inscription: "The monumental arch, presented by Richard Smith, type-founder, of Philadelphia, in memory of Pennsylvanians who took part in the civil war, whose strife was not for aggrandizement, but, when conflict ceased, the North with the South united again

GEN. W. B. FRANKLIN.

to enjoy the common heritage left by the fathers of our country, resolving that, hereafter all our people should dwell together in unity."

Upon the pedestal stage of the other main column will be placed upon a bracketed rest, on the right of the entrance front, a statue of the donor in bronze, and underneath the name,



SMITH MEMORIAL.

Richard Smith, in large letters. The central part of the memorial is to be a carriage way, and on either side passages for pedestrians.

Two years will be required to erect the memorial as designed, and it will be a most imposing monument, and there is nothing now that approaches it.

It is entirely individual, and will be such an object that it will be seen at a long distance from the approaches. It is to cost over half a million dollars. The original is by James H. Windrim, now director of public works. The memorial is to include equestrian statues in bronze of Winfield Scott Hancock and statues in bronze, besides that of Gen. McClellan, one of Winfield Scott Hancock and George G. Meade and John F. Reynolds. The niches in the right and left wings of the structure are to have pedestals to receive bronze busts of the following distinguished Pennsylvanians: Governor Andrew G. Curtin, Major-Gen. John F. Hartranft, Admirals David D. Porter and John A. Dahlgren, Gen. James A. Beaver, Major-Gen. S. W. Crawford, and in addition thereto the architect, James H. Windrim, and the deceased executor, John B. Gest.

SMALL WONDER.

"'Tis the woman of 30 whose reign has begun,
And the child of 16's but a bore;
The débutante's day in the world is done,
Ingenues are amusing no more!"

Those the words overheard in a flower-girt hall,
At a typical end-of-the-century ball.

And the listener smiled, as he wondered who
Had discovered the words that were penned
When the century and Balzac were new,
On this day—at the century's end.

And then for a glimpse of the speaker sought he,
He smiled again; 'twas a woman of 40!
—J. Percival Pollard, in Kate Field's Washington.

THE PLANET MARS.

Recent Changes on the Face of the Red Planet.

A dispatch from Lowell observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., sent by Mr. Percival Lowell, states that observations taken on Sunday show the snowy cap of Mars to have entirely disappeared, while the conspicuous marking of dark tint, known as the Lake of the Sun, appears to have been recently divided lengthwise throughout its entire extent. On September 2 the Lake of the Sun was seen at the Lick Observatory to be composed of three separate areas, each very dark. In June, 1890, Schiaparelli saw the Lake divided into two parts.

Such changes of aspect seem to be due to vast floods sweeping over the southern surface of Mars, which is now enjoying its long summer of six months, when its polar ice cap and snows, covering an area of 1,200 miles in diameter, are melted and transferred from the southern pole to the Martian equator. The recent observations of Mars have been so great interest. When fully reported and reviewed they will disclose many wonderful phenomena.

AUTUMN.

Ladies fair, the end is near;
Soon will lie upon its bier,
Every lovely blossom here.
Pesky cyn with white and sear
Strives to hide her swift decay,
Now must pass from us away,
And in death be laid beside
Flowers that in summer died.
Cannas, dashing fire of hot hue;
Marigolds, whose buds pursue
Golden Sol from east to west;
Lilies, of all blossoms best
For your dear sepulchre shroud;
Daisies, to St. Michael vowed;
Dahlias, set in order prim,
Asters, loaded to the brim
With the weight of tears unshed;
Hollyhocks, pink, white and red;
Dainty columns wreathed with bloom;
Violets of rare perfume;
Roses, pallid, ave, and wan,
Yet so sweet all have gone!
Ladies fair, the end is near;
Dying is the sylvan year.
—St. James Gazette.

Health, comfort and happiness abound in homes where "Garland" Stoves and Ranges are used.

Buttons a Coming Fashion.

If buttons were gay in the times of our grandmothers, they are to be "screechers" now, in the words of the manufacturer; but while they are striking in color effects and hand painting, as well as in size—for some of them are even three inches in diameter—they are beautiful conceits. These large buttons are as light as a feather in weight, being composed of filigree French gilt or silver and studded with jewels. Rhinestone buttons are the latest, and the winter street suits will have rows upon rows of them. The small ones will button the sleeves to the elbow, and the larger ones will form a trimming down the front and side seams of the skirt.

Huge hand-cut pearl buttons, with heads of staring owls and those of horses, were noticed in the exhibit. It is in the enamel buttons that the French have displayed to perfection their love of bright color. The foundation of the button is brass, upon which a heavy coat of enamel is placed, and the button is baked, as in the case of hand-painted china. After the baking process has been gone through with, the button passes into the hands of the artists, who decorate it in every conceivable style. It is here that the enormous cost of the button comes in, and a glance at a card of these enamel plastrons reminds one of the case of precious ivory painted medallions in the art museum.

Enamel, rhinestone and pearl buttons are to head the fashion list, and she who can not turn over her $10 bill for a dozen buttons next month might well consider herself among the antiquities.

While hooks and eyes are out of fashion as serviceable articles, they are decidedly in it as a trimming, and the Paris hooks and eyes of heavy, rope-twisted brass and silver are as large as belt buckles, and will be

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON EDITOR

OCTOBER.

Now the summer days are over,
And the long still nights have come,
And all day among the clover
Sounds the cricket's drowsy hum.

Now the maple woods are flaming,
And the beech is russet brown,
And their winter treasure claiming,
Squirrels drop the chestnuts down.

Now at morn the gay woods cresting,
From the stream white vapors rise,
And at eve a blue haze resting
On the hill-tops veils and skies.

Now the birds are southward winging
Through the air their songless flight,
And the groves that late were ringing,
Silent stand through day and night.

Now the autumn flowers are dying
In the frost king's chilling breath,
And the summer blooms are lying
Withered, brown and sere in death.

Month of Nature's ripening glory,
Month of verdure's swift decay,
Type of human life when hoary
Age proclaims its closing day.

Bright thy reign and full of beauty,
Month of splendor but too brief,
Would I might prolong thy sunshine
Mellow air and changeful leaf.

HOME TALKS.

TEACHING PATRIOISM IN THE NATION'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What the Word is Meant to Include—The War Spirit Not a Wise One to Inculcate.

To what I am going to say to-day, I know that I shall find much opposition. Yet because it is one of those things that persistently demand expression and like Banquo's ghost will not down without it, I shall put it here hoping that the thought may find some sympathy.

Within the last year there has been a movement originating I think in the Woman's Relief Corps—a body of women who are doing some of the most arduous and self-sacrificing work for their fellow human beings that is being accomplished anywhere—to teach patriotism in the public schools of the country by any and every means that come within the scope of the teachers' ability. The flag is to be made a daily object lesson for the children; they are to be trained in the idea that under all circumstances they are to be ready to fight for its supremacy and if necessary to die for it; that wherever the government plants the star spangled banner there it must be sustained at any and every cost to human life; that as this nation is already one of the greatest upon earth, every thought must be directed to making it still greater, and so on to the end of the chapter. I have seen military drills recommended, the children to be formed into companies and march to the sound of the fife and the drum. They are thus to be accustomed to the thought of war; to the pitting of great armies against each other with passions aroused to destroy their fellow beings, not singly, but by the hundreds and the thousands until brute strength, aided by the weapons of destruction which man's invention is making more powerful and merciless each year, shall decide which are the victors. They are to be drilled into the conviction that patriotism is one of the greatest of virtues, and that its meaning is to stand by the government whether right or wrong in whatever bloody struggle it may inaugurate.

This is what I gather from the circulars received and the speeches I have read from time to time since the movement began. Not that these things are said in so many words, but such would be the certain results from the course recommended. And anything which adds to the aggressiveness of this American people is to be deplored whether it be under the name of patriotism, a word which represents so much that is dear to every nation in the world, or some other less sacred and less stirring.

More than this even, is the underlying thought of all war, the disregard of human life that is engendered, to be regretted. I think it can not be denied that since our civil war, recklessness in this respect is largely increased, and is growing rapidly. A comparison of the newspaper records of to-day with those of years ago proves this conclusively. It is impossible that the thoughts of anger, of hatred, of desire to kill, put forth in those terrible months should not act and react upon the whole people, for they are not dead. They are still forces in the unseen world about us, the activity of which is not allayed any more than that of the current of electricity which we know is passing over the wires to do its work, though not manifesting itself to our sight, touch, or hearing. With their strength added to by the struggles between opposing interests in all directions, the outcome is the numerous crimes and reckless disregard of life everywhere evident. Murders, suicides, trains carrying hundreds of people thrown from the track for revenge or for plunder—these are the records that make up the columns of news from day to day. And any teaching which will inculcate carelessness of life in the young, is, I believe, radically wrong.

It does not seem right for teachers, fired with enthusiasm with regard to implanting the seeds of patriotism in the children under their charge, to divide them into companies, and pit them against each other in mock battle, as I am told is sometimes done. It does not make it one whit better that it is usually contrived to have the side representing the United States victorious. The influence of the whole thing, from beginning to end is bad. First, these children are to simulate the passion that makes them ready to kill; the struggle is for a selfish supremacy, and not a battle for a principle; love for humanity is not even hinted at in the teaching of strife which they are receiving. The whole spirit of this so-called lesson in patriotism is absolutely opposed to the anthem we are so fond of chanting in the glad Christmas time, of Peace on earth, good will to men.

I am reminded right here of an article in the current Arena concerning the building of great armories in so many of our cities. In the opening paragraph the author, Mr. B. O. Flower, tells of the remarks of a traveler from India to a Western friend concerning one they were passing. "To a stranger visiting your country," said the Oriental, "it would appear that your government was rapidly preparing for one of those terrible struggles in which thousands, if not millions, of lives are sacrificed in the most savage and brutal manner. With Europe the case is somewhat different; there nations are hedged in by nations, each in a crouching attitude, some avaricious, some envious and jealous, and others trembling with fear. But here you have no such excuses, and I have asked myself what could be the meaning of your armories fitted with engines of destruction—unless you were preparing for a wholesale family massacre." And then he closes with some satirical remark about our fondness for saying "In His Name," while we go on with these preparations for slaying our fellow men.

There is a great deal of justice in these strictures, and the more closely one observes present conditions, the more one is convinced that selfishness and altruism are waging a war to-day the like of which the world of history has never before seen. They are "two giant forces," the former "the powerful victor for uncounted ages in the slow ascent of life, its mouth dripping with blood, with a spirit which, while yielding to the form of savagery which the conventionality of the age permits, is always dominated by self-love. On the other hand the spirit of altruism marks the progress of enduring civilization. Its presence carries gladness and hope, and makes life worth living."

And I most firmly believe that the spirit of altruism will finally triumph, but the time is near or far in proportion to our determination to live up to its ideal. It cannot be done by cherishing the methods of a savage past, but this is what we are doing when we inculcate in every possible way the spirit of hatred, which is, whatever the cause may be that brought it on, the moving power of war in its finality. To begin this teaching with children is, I believe, to perpetuate savagery.

Then would you not teach patriotism at all? some one asks.

I most certainly would, but it should be a love of country in its broadest sense. I would teach children to love the flag, because that flag is the emblem of a real liberty, the liberty of conscience; because it is the standard of a nation which regards the rights of others as sacred as its own. I would teach them a readiness to offer their lives, if need be, in the preservation of their homes, and their families, with all those words include, from an aggressive foe, but without the spirit of hatred or revenge. Patriotism should not mean selfishness. It should not bring, in its first thought, the the sound of the rolling drum and the bugle's play. The word should signify a love so true that death, in the preservation of the nation's integrity, would be preferable to life with it dishonored by greed and by cruelty.

Perhaps this is the kind of patriotism that the leaders of this movement intend to have taught in our public schools, and not that which seeks to keep fast hold of the martial spirit that delights in war. If so, then I say God-speed with all my heart.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE BLADE'S NEW STORY.

The editor of the Household desires to call the attention of its readers to the story which commences next week, entitled, "The Garden of Eden, U. S. A." In it will be described possibilities of a changed condition of things which will affect the homes, and hence the happiness of all. These will be developed side by side with the pretty love story that runs through it from beginning to end. The editor wants the women of the Household to read carefully, and then to compare opinions through these columns of what is described there. The time is rapidly coming for changes in the methods of housekeeping, and women must consider what is for the best. As the story proceeds, talk it over with your friends and neighbors, and let us hear from you.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

How to Make Ourselves Sure of a Welcome.

This week, again, the editor answers a personal letter in the Chat. A lady writes that she feels that she is not welcome in the family where it seems to be her fate to spend the winter. Now it may be, that she only imagines this, that no one but herself has even thought of such a dreadful state of affairs. We are, all of us, prone to be over-sensitive sometimes about such things, and make mountains out of what prove upon investigation, to be very small mole hills. Supposing, however, that our friend is right in her surmise; that her presence in the family with whom her lot is cast, is, for some reason, unwelcome. Will it not be wise for her to endeavor in every way possible to overcome the trouble, instead of grieving over it, and thus adding to her uncomfortableness and giving the others additional reason to dislike her? I once read in a child's album these lines, written by a person of large worldly experience: "Dear little child, where you are useful, there you will always be welcome," and I think we will always find this to be true. Just as long as we can help others, as long as we can make ourselves useful to them, we will be welcome where they are. There are different ways in which we can help; sometimes it is with our hands, sometimes with our brains, and sometimes we can be of the greatest help to some one in trouble, by doing some little act of kindness, that of itself would seem too small to be mentioned. If we are truly anxious to be of use to others, to help in every way possible to make others happier and better, the opportunities for so doing will come to us every day, and if we grasp them all, we shall have no time, nor reason, to think we are not welcome.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Many Good Letters to be Given to the Household.

"One of the busiest girls in California" sends a pleasant letter on the subject of flowers. Possibly her idea can not be carried out in all of the states where her letter in The Blade will be read, but it may give a hint to flower lovers that they can use.

The Plant Clock.

The bed for it could be divided into twelve parts, and the divisions marked out by little rows of box plants. If a post with a sun-dial on it were erected in the middle of the bed, it would give true time. Then divide each of the twelve parts into two parts by a line of red colors; on one side of this plant the day bloomers and on the other the night bloomers. I intend to lay out such a bed in the school yard this fall, as I believe it will make my pupils like and notice plants.

At 4 o'clock a. m., the goat's beard and blue chicory open; at 5, the common morning glory and poppy; at 6, the yellow hawk's weed and dandelions look out on the way side; at 7, the water lilies smile at us; at 8, the pimpernel, red, if the day is fine, opens; at 9, marigold and tulips; at 10, the portulaca is in its glory; at 11, star of Bethlehem closes, while most of the day flowers are in their best bloom; at 12, the lazy passion flowers awake, and sweet peas are wide open; at 2, the wild daisies are brightest; at 4, the four o'clocks; at 5, the "beauty of the night;" at 6, the evening primrose; at 7, the white lychnis opens, then the night primrose. At 2 in the morning the purple convolvulus wakes up.

I said I was a busy girl, so I must now explain, lest you may doubt my word. I am teaching at present, beside studying for a life certificate. On leaving the school at 5, I take one and one-half hours' recreation and then study till 10 and 10:30. From one to one and one-half hours each morning is devoted to study, and the few minutes at recesses and noon, when not occupied with school work, is spent in practice on the organ. So I think you will agree that the time is well spent.—The Poppy.

Who can doubt but such a girl will succeed in whatever she understakes? —Ed.

With this date, October 10, closes the competition for the prize offered by The Blade as to whether woman's efficiency in the home is increased or diminished by a knowledge of and interest in the topics of the day, formerly considered to belong to man's province only.

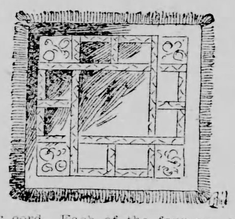
Eighty-four letters have been received, all showing that the readers of The Household are among the most progressive women of the age, and proving conclusively that while being model housewives, they have not neglected every opportunity of informing themselves on subjects which "formerly"—not now—were considered as belonging to man's province only.

It will require much consideration upon the part of the committee to decide, where all are so good, which shall claim the prize, but the decision will be made as justly as possible. While but one can receive the reward, every letter will be used, either wholly or in part, so that the readers of The Blade may have the benefit of the best thoughts of all who have written on this subject. The editor thanks all who have thus assisted in adding to the interest of our page, and hopes that they will favor her with their ideas on other subjects.

DAINTY, BUT DURABLE.

Some Extremely Pretty Decorations for the Table.

Under a silver vase filled with crimson roses that ornamented a friend's table the other day, was a square mat made of cardinal plush. A geometrical pattern was marked off upon it, with pale blue inch-wide satin ribbon, caught down with cross-stitches of



silver cord. Each of the four corners outside this figure was embroidered with a leaf design in the silver cord, and the edge was finished with fluffy tassels combining the cardinal, blue and silver. A sheet of wadding and lining of blue silesia completed the mat.

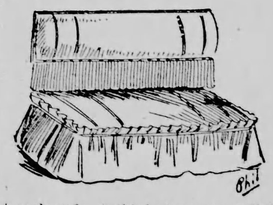
Doyleys.

At the same friend's home I saw a pretty set of doyleys of butcher's linen, fringed all around and having a border of open work. In the center was

a spray of roses and leaves, worked in linen floss, the flowers in pink, the leaves in shades of green and the stems in brown.—Trudie.

Box Ottoman.

Living in a boarding house where space and furniture is limited and trunks abound, I turned one of the last named supernumeraries into a very comfortable seat by the following method. I first unhinged the cover, which was flat, padded it well with several thicknesses of old "comforter" and covered it with a piece of dark red furniture cretonne, brocaded with golden brown. A couple of inches from each end I put a strip of dark-brown canvas worked with red and gold and around the edge a box-plaiting of the cretonne to hide the edge of the cover. I took two smooth pieces of pine, about three inches wide and four feet long, and nailed them firmly to the back of the trunk, one



at each end. A third piece was nailed across from one to the other at the top, and a piece of strong burlap was tacked to the front side of this frame. To the burlap I fastened with long stitches several thicknesses of cotton batting, my old comforter stock having given out, and covered it with the red and gold cretonne, with fancy bands at the ends to match the seat. The sides of the trunk were hidden by a pleating of the cretonne and the frame work at the back was covered with silesia, tacked smoothly over the edges of the cretonne. A row of worsted fringe finished the decoration of this article of utility and good looks.—Peg W.

Waste Paper Basket.

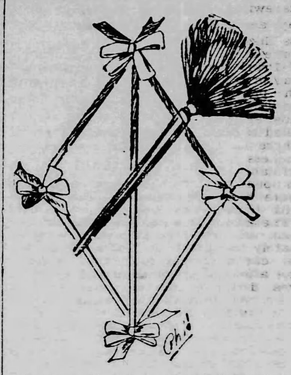
There is nothing especially unique about this basket, but it makes a bright spot at the end of my desk, and is very useful, so I will describe it. It is an ordinary splint basket polished to extraordinary whiteness. Three bands of inch-wide ribbon are woven through the splints near the base, and a band of three-inch ribbon circles it

at top and bottom. Near the top is a "Vandyke" arrangement of inch and a half ribbon, with a small bow at each lower point, and the basket is lined with grey silesia, which does not soil easily, and makes an effective back-ground for the bright cardinal ribbons, and creamy-white of the basket itself.—Pomona.

Feather Duster Holder.

I saw a "cute thing in corn-stalks" the other day and here it is. Take four smooth, round stalks a foot in length, and the size of your thumb. Fasten them firmly together at the corners, and cover the fastening with bows of blue ribbon.

A fifth piece of the stalk is fastened from the top to the base of the diamond thus formed, to stay it. Now



take a stalk large enough to contain the handle of the dust-brush, take out the pith, wind the stalks diagonally with the ribbon and fasten it across the diamond. A monogram or initials may be worked on the ribbon before it is twisted about the holder.—Suburban.

Holiday time is drawing near when love and friendship are to be expressed in little gifts. Now is the time for the Household members to help each other with descriptions and suggestions of pretty things. Send them along for these columns.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Some Things Old and Some Things New—Old Friends Inquired After.

From Mrs. Phebe A. T., we have a very pleasant, chatty letter about her home and surroundings; a letter that would be read with interest by our Eastern friends, but she asks that The Blade may be sent her, in return for the article. While there is no doubt about the value of this letter, and of many others that are sent to us with the same request, we are obliged to refuse to accept it on these terms. If we should do so for one, we must for all who ask it, and it would soon require an especial edition of The Blade for these correspondents. It is a pleasure to the editor to assist those who show evidence of talent, by giving them the use of the columns of a paper so widely and favorably known as is The Toledo Blade, but the Household department is devoted to the interchange of thoughts and experiences on subjects of mutual pleasure and profit. The contributors, and while all are gladly welcomed, it has always been a rule of the office that no contributions are paid for, unless for some especial reason. If correspondents will kindly inform us if we are at liberty to use their articles when we cannot accede to their proposal for remuneration, or will enclose postage when they desire to have them returned, it will greatly oblige the editor.—Ed.

Mrs. L. W. W.—See answer above, to Phebe. It did not need the references you enclosed (though they are of the best) to prove your merit as a correspondent; your letter itself was sufficient, but I am quite unable to make any exceptions to our rules. Please let me know if I may use the article you sent.—Ed.

Mrs. Jennie L.—We do not send addresses for private correspondence. Though you say you only wish to "lend a helping hand to those who need help," it would most certainly be encroaching upon the advertising department of The Blade to send your address for the matter you speak of to any one.—Ed.

The editor thanks "Lincoln," "Estelle M.," "Josie," and "Mr. McF." for the kind letters received from them this week. It is a red letter day in her calendar when she learns from such friends that her efforts are appreciated, and such praise does much to lighten labor.—Ed.

Fannie.—It is quite proper for a lady, or gentleman, to introduce their friends to each other when they meet, unless there is some reason why such introduction would not be acceptable to one of the parties.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will Jean Hunt, or some one, tell me what to use for a set of furniture covers, and how to make them? Something for protection, not for upholstering.—A Blade Reader.

Will some one tell me what is the reason we never more hear from "Mary" and "Jean Hunt"? We miss them very much.—Mrs. E. J. M.

Will some one tell me who is most generally accepted as being the best poet, and who the best novelist?—The Poppy.

Answers.

A Subscriber.—If you will use for bathing warm, soft water in which is dissolved a small quantity of common salt, you will find that it will preserve as well as soften and beautify the complexion. Salt in warm water will act as a sedative to the nerves, if used freely for bathing.—Mic.

To the boys and girls who want something to do, let me suggest this: Take cancelled one and two cent stamps, and a nice board of suitable size for a checker board. Fasten on the stamps alternately, in the right order, and varnish when dry and you will have a very pretty checkerboard. —K. L. B.

N. wishes to know how to keep an iron kettle from rusting. Put in a quart of corn meal with a bucket of water, and let boil to the top; then dip out the water but do not wash the kettle, and every time after using rub with dry meal. I have done this for years with perfect success.—S. R. Custer.

KITCHEN GOSSIP

About the Cook's Occupation These Fall Days.

To most people these lovely autumn days bring a desire to desert the house and spend the time enjoying the beautiful things which Dame Nature provides so bountifully for the pleasure of the eye and the ear, but to the cook the season brings only the thought of the fruit and the vegetables that are just ready for use. The cook may not have much sentiment about her, but she is quite certain that if it were not for her the home-coming of those who go out in the woods to enjoy nature would not be nearly as comfortable as her experience has shown her that they are always ready for dinner or supper when they return, and some one must stay at home to prepare that for them.

A communication has been received, which, though it cannot be classed with the "recipes," has a connection with the work of the cook that should not be overlooked, and in view of the many gasoline accidents that occur, we are very glad to give it place in this department.

When Gasoline "Acts Up."

This morning my housekeeper came shrieking through the dining room that the house was on fire. We hurried to the kitchen, and found the gasoline stove and its surroundings in flames.

My son was first on the scene, and in two minutes had subdued the flames by throwing flour on them. Everybody who uses gasoline or kerosene should know that flour will immediately smother the flames of these substances.—M. W. A.

Apples—How to Use Them.

There is no fruit so universally a favorite as the apple. Whether in the way nature gives them to us, or disguised in various ways as pies, puddings, or custards, there is nothing that can excel them as a "family" fruit. Some of the recipes sent this week tell us how they can be prepared for desserts, not only now, but at any time during the winter.

Let Nothing be Wasted.

In using green apples save the peelings, cover them with cold water, let boil well, strain, and add a cupful of sugar to a cupful of the juice thus obtained, and it makes nice jelly. Pour boiling water over the peelings now, let stand a day or two, strain, and add to the contents of your vinegar jug.

Baked Apple Custard.

Beat 4 eggs, yolks and whites separately. To the yolks add 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, 10 tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of 2 and the grated rind of 1 lemon and 3 large tart apples; mix well, then stir in the whites of the eggs. Line a buttered pudding pan with bread crumbs, pour the apple custard into it, and bake for 1-2 hour. Eat cold, or warm, with cream.—Elsie H.

Apple Ginger.

Make a syrup of 2 lbs. white sugar and 1 1-2 pts. of water, add 1 oz. Jamaica ginger as the syrup boils. Pare, core and quarter 2 lbs. of hard apples, let them soak in cold water 5 minutes, then boil in the syrup till they are transparent. Remove the apples to a deep dish and pour the syrup over them. These should cook slowly in order that they may not break in pieces.—C. T.

Apple Boiled Pudding.

Make a batter of 2 eggs, 1 pt. of milk, flour to make the batter so it will drop from the spoon and 1 tablespoonful of baking powder. Into this stir 2 cupfuls of chopped, tart apples. Boil in a buttered mold, or covered tin pail, for 45 minutes, and serve with either liquid or hard sauce.—Jennie B.

Fried Apple Pie.

Make the paste not quite as rich as for ordinary pies, roll out very thin and cut the size of a large saucer. On one-half put a tablespoonful of good apple sauce from which most of the juice has been drained, fold the other half over and press the edges of the crust firmly together. Drop carefully into boiling lard and fry till brown. Serve hot.—Grandmother.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Welcome Some New Members and Talk Over the Trip.

The Schoolmistress introduced another Wonder Column Boy (?) to Miss Prudence this morning, who mentioned the cities he should like to visit, in the following unique and interesting manner: "I am glad to hear of the trip abroad, and hope I can go. I want to land in Ireland, and see the largest 'Cork' ever made; its capital which is always 'Dublin,' then north, to see the 'Belfast.' When they get it loose, I shall go into Scotland and see the Glasgow; from there to England to see the New-castle; take Oldham for a lunch, and proceed to see the Hull of the country at once. I shall visit Ystradyfodwg in Wales, to see what they call it; from there to France to see a Nice city, and the famous Lyons. I shall walk over Brussels in Belgium, get a whiff of Cologne in Germany; roam about and eat Bologna in Italy, and try to go through Turkey on Thanksgiving day, if possible I should like to Pekin on China's capital. If the Schoolmistress is going please order a slow train."—"Ned."

"Viola Tri-Color" comes in after a long absence, telling of her three-months' vacation, spent in the country, and made delightful by picnics, botanical excursions and drives. She is much pleased with her friends, the M. G. R's., and "longs to start" on the European Tour.

A new industry is represented in the Crcle to-day by Miss "J." who writes: "I am a spooler in a large silk thread factory, and will write about my work some time if it would be of any interest. I am fond of reading, really enjoying politics; I like to hear 'both sides of the question' always, but when we women vote I shall side with the G. O. P. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott, E. P. Roe, Samantha Allen and Mark Twain. How many of you have read 'Innocents Abroad?' I think 'The Prince of the House of David,' a wonderfully fascinating book, and wonder that so few have read it. My great desire is to become an artist, so in choosing my list of cities for the 'Tour,' I have selected those that are famous for their paintings. Are the feminine members of the party to be provided with escorts? If so, do be careful to pick out a tall gentleman for me, as I am quite tall, and would not like to 'look down' on him. I will sign for a nom, the letter with which I stamp each one of my spools.—J."

Special escorts for each lady will not be provided, "J." though there is little doubt that the party will "pair off" to suit themselves during the journey. Miss Prudence will be assisted in her duties as Chaperone by her cousin, the Schoolmistress, and Terence O'Shaughnessy will act as courier and guide through his native green isle.

"Little Rhody," an 18-year-old dressmaker from the "wooden nutmeg" state, says The Blade has been a visitor at her home for thirteen years. She favors Miss Alcott and Mrs. Stowe among authors, and would like to correspond.

"Elfa," of Wonder Column fame, says: "If you will read carefully the account of the Creation, you will see that God made the lower animals first, and that the types grew higher to the last, which was woman, the most perfect of the many animal creations. Her morals are better, and her intellectual attainments equal, and in many cases superior to man. Apropos of nothing, what are novels? Some condemn novel reading, but there are very good and very bad novels. H. B. Stowe, O. W. Holmes, Miss Alcott, Trowbridge, Stockton and many others are authors of novels which can be read with safety and benefit."

"Wild Fern" springs up in a shady corner to say that she is an "Epworth Leaguer" and soldier's daughter. She has no ambition to shine in society or politics, agreeing with "Tom Quarz" that home is the place for women. She describes her ideal as a "true Christian gentleman," and thinks the girls are much to blame for the back-sliding of the opposite sex. She is opposed to dancing, especially for church members, and thinks whisky and tobacco are equally obnoxious.

"Wessel" slips in again, very wide-awake indeed, to declare herself heartily in favor of a badge. She thinks "Edwin" should be encouraged, and given the sympathy of all for speaking so bravely for the fair sex, and is sure he will never regret a step taken toward lightening their burden. She is for temperance every inch of her, and is quite willing to be called a "temperance crank" if she can find her influence has saved even one soul from the demon drink. She loves music, reading, and all innocent games, and horseback riding is her favorite pastime.

An Ohio girl visiting near Cape Cod Bay writes of the interesting things she has seen since leaving home. "The scenery in the East is so different from what it is at home; the hills look like mountains to me, and there are so many stone fences, something I have never seen before. At the Boston depot we were met by my uncle, and spent the afternoon in sight seeing. I could hardly realize as I looked at the 'Old Stone Church' with its ivy-covered tower; at the old State House containing relics of things used so many years ago, and at the old cemetery, whose stones held names of people who lived in revolutionary times, that these were things I had studied about. The 'Common' and public garden was not at all what I had fancied; we took a walk in the latter one evening, and it was very beautiful. I was told that the plants there are changed to suit the season—pansies, violets and other early blossoms in the spring, etc. I never saw such lovely palms as were there. On the artificial lakes were swans and boats, and they were lighted up with Japanese lanterns. On our way to Harwich, we passed through a station called 'Buzzard's Bay,' and I had a glimpse of the President's summer home, 'Grey Gables.' Harwich is a very old town, all the houses are old and of old-fashioned architecture. The pine woods near here are beautiful to drive through, and here I have seen cranberry bogs for the first time. The principal business of the town is raising and picking this fruit. I did my first picking yesterday, and shall try again to-morrow, if my fingers are not too sore!"—Carrie L. J.

"Kansas Sunflower" agrees with "Nana" and "Scratcher" on the suffrage question, and thinks "Edwin" need have no fear that the country will suffer if women vote. She thinks women have as much good sense and good judgment as men, and when they are granted the right they will take as much interest and be as well posted on political matters as their masculine friends. She claims also that their homes will not be deserted either, or their interest in home duties lessened.

"Dakota School-marm" advances a new subject for consideration. She says: "What do you think about the law compelling rest on Sunday? I think it threatens our national freedom. If it were that men are imbibing a deeper reverence for God, no one would rejoice more than I, but love of the Savior cannot be created by civil law. The law seems to me a revival of the thralldom of 1692, when church-going was compelled by fines, and flogging was the penalty of being a Baptist or Quaker."

Your letter was correctly addressed and very acceptable, and you are quite welcome to come again.

Wild Ivy intends to "take in" the tour, heartily indorses the badge idea, and agrees with Joe in his opinion of young ladies who paint and powder. She would like to correspond.

"Pansy Blossom" forgot to tell Miss Prudence "what's her name and where's her hame," so her interesting letter had to be rejected.

"Lera" agrees with "Young Housekeeper" that school-girls should read Miss Alcott's books; she has read three of them, and is now reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is a country girl, fond of her country life, of music and flowers and will be glad to correspond with the M. G. R.'s whom she urges to do their best to make their department more charming than ever now that the holiday time is approaching.

"White Cap," a 16-year old Minnesota girl, finds Tamarack's letters especially interesting, and agrees with him in his views. She is fond of horse-back riding, but, living in town, does not have many opportunities for the sport. She thinks skating "great fun," and expects to enjoy the exercise this winter.

Golden Red is a Dakota school-girl who is studying Latin, likes music and hopes to become a pianist. She will go with Miss Prudence on the tour, and sends a modest list of her favorite cities.

"Dorothy" sends a list too and promises to "read up" all she can in preparation for the trip. That is what Miss Prudence hopes all her girls are doing. Remember, girls, she may "skip around" in selecting her assistants, as your teachers do sometimes at school, and you know how mortified you feel when you are caught not "paying attention."

"Gale" writes a very interesting description of her pretty Michigan home village, divided in two parts by Grand river, offering many attractions to summer visitors—principal among which are "the islands," seven in number, joined by rustic bridges arched in the middle to permit the steamers to pass under them. She says: "I would like to take you across the bridge and show you the cottages on the first island; the Island House on the second, and on the third the old tree whose roots have grown up through the ground in such a manner as to form very comfortable seats. Then I would row you down the river to "Drip Rock" and Hemlock Point and the coal mine, and give you a drink of the clear, cool water from the old spring that gushes from a mammoth boulder, but I must not say too long, so will close by telling Edwin that it is simply an act of justice that women be allowed to vote regardless of their effect on "times and temperance." As for "Tom Quartz" if men will not be men in the true sense of the word I don't see but the women will have to take their places."

The editor asks her M. G. R. friends to possess their souls in patience for a little longer, as the badges are actually "under way," but as several different ones are to be submitted and the designs are all more or less intricate it will be some time before they are ready for inspection. When they are ready a plan for a general organization of the Merry-Go-Rounds will be offered and a list of the organized membership published. Plans for state and local societies will be discussed later on, and with the help of her boys and girls Miss Prudence hopes to make this circle not only a pleasure and benefit to its members, but a power for good all over the country.

"Trixie" suggests a most worthy object for the M. G. R.'s attention, which the editor is obliged to refrain from mentioning because of the fact that were she to do so the editorial table would be flooded with similar appeals for aid for institutions of the same sort. Past experience has taught her so much; and while she is very much in sympathy with the cause Trixie advocates she thinks when the M. G. R.'s are organized and their local circles are formed that each one will probably find their good work lying close at home.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

His New Volume of Poems—It is Called Armazindy From the First.

I pray you do not use this thing
For vengeance; but if questioning
What wound, when dealt your human-kind,
Goes deepest—surely he will find
Who wrongs you, loving him no less—
There's nothing hurts like tenderness.

Now that dear, genial Oliver Wendell Holmes has laid down his pen for aye I do not think we have any poet who, in a simple, quaint and often humorous way, gives utterance to songs that touch the heart and go down into its depths as do those of James Whitcomb Riley. Just as in the few lines quoted above, he puts a great truth with such simplicity that often we do not quickly recognize its presence though by and by it shines out like a rare old jewel in a

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

setting of silver that only serves to hold it in place.

Mr. Riley has advanced with long strides to a commanding place as a poet and humorist, since those early days when, doubting success under an unknown name, he resolved to see if one of his productions appearing under one already famous would not win attention and praise. Hence came the well known episode of his imitation of Edgar A. Poe in a poem entitled Leonainie, an imitation so perfect that it was widely copied as one of that unfortunate poet's productions recently brought to light.

Under the not especially euphonious, but yet characteristic title, Armazindy, the Bowen-Merrill Publishing Company, of Indianapolis, has brought out a pretty little volume of some of Mr. Riley's poems, of which the first gives the title to the book. Armazindy, whose "familiy name" is Ballenger, is a young girl of fourteen. Her father, a soldier, was one of the victims of the Sultana tragedy during the war. Her mother soon faded away leaving this girl with the "two twins, as well as her pore old miz'able old-maid aunty 'at had been struck with palsy," to care for.

Jevver watch a primrose 'bout
Minute 'fore it blossems out—
Kind o' loosen-like, and blow
Up its muscles, don't you know,
And all suddent, bu'st and bloom
Out life size? Well, I persume
At's the only measure I
Kin size Armazindy by!
Jes' a child, one minute—nex',
Woman-grown, in all respec's
And intents and purposuz—
'At's what Armazindy wuz!

In the same quaint measure and dialect he tells how this girl

Made things git up and git.
Round that little farm o' hern!
Shouldered all the whole concern.

In a few lines he makes an equally vivid picture of those girls whose

Pore old mothers sloshed
Round the old back porch and washed
Their clothes fer 'em—rubbed and scrubbed
Fer girls 'd ort to jes' been clubbed!

Then love came to Armazindy, and she and Sol "wuz promised," but her dream of happiness suddenly ended by Sol's running away and marrying another girl. It takes but a few pages to tell the rest of the story, of how she shut her woman's grief away in her heart, and went on with her life over which the grey shadow had thus fallen. The closing of the poem is full of patnos, according well with the nobility of character which Armazindy had from the first exhibited in her simple but determined devotion to duty. This one poem standing alone would make the book desirable.

While Mr. Riley is pre-eminently a dialect poet, a most difficult field to occupy, he yet has command of "a well of English undefiled," as witness the following beautiful poem entitled

OUT OF THE HITHERWHERE.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
The land that the Lord's love rests upon;
Where one may rely on the friends he meets,
And the smiles that greet him along the streets;
Where the mother that left you years ago
Will lift the hands that were folded so,
And put them about you, with all the love
And tenderness you are dreaming of.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
Where all of the friends of your youth have gone,—
Where the old schoolmate that laughed with you,
Will laugh again as he used to do,
Running to meet you, with such a face
As lights like a moon the wondrous place
Where God is living, and glad to live,
Since He is the Master and may forgive.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
Stay the hopes we are leaning on—
You, Divine, with Your merciful eyes
Looking down from the far-away skies,
Smile upon us, and reach and take
And so Amen,—for our all seems gone
Out of the hitherwhere into the YON.

In the little volume are gathered a number of other poems which show the exceeding versatility of the writer. In them he has imitated the characteristics of various poets in a charming way. Longfellow is recalled in The Voices; Burns in My Mary; Tennyson in An Idyl of the King; Swinburne in Dolores, and so on, while others are first, last and always Mr. Riley's own.

Many mothers in the land know this author principally through his children's poems which show in every line his exceeding love for little folks. He has perceived and appreciated their unconscious humor, and reproduces it in a most delicious way in child's language. The Blade has published many of them both on its Household page and elsewhere. One of the pretty things which says so much to the longing, grieving heart is the following:

LITTLE DAVID.

The mother of the little boy that sleeps
Has blest assurance, even as she weeps:
She knows her little boy now has no pain—
No further ache, in body, heart, or brain;
All sorrow is lulled for him—all distress
Passed into utter peace and restfulness—
All health that heretofore has been denied—
All happiness, all hope, and all beside
Of childish longing, now he clasps and keeps
In voiceless joy—the little boy that sleeps.

Mr. Riley has one peculiarity. He does not like to have his poems illustrated, probably because he fears that the artist will not catch the spirit of what he wished to convey and the result would be a confusion of ideas. His present publishers, however, desired to have a frontispiece for Armazindy, and the result of their request is told in an article in the Indianapolis Sentinel:

When the publishers expressed the desire that there be a frontispiece for his new volume, "Armazindy," he shook his head and said, "No pictures, jes' plain readin'." Fortunately a mutual friend solved the vexing question in an unexpected way. While on an outing last summer, rambling along a small stream, with camera and rod, he came upon an old-fashioned water-gap. Attracted by the picturesque scene, he was preparing to take a "snap shot" of it when a country maid, with sunbonnet and apron, came suddenly into the view.

In airy poise she, gazing, stood,
A matchless form of womanhood.

He caught her in the photograph, in all her grace and naturalness, and without knowing it. By merest chance, this picture fell in Mr. Riley's notice, and he looked upon it as an inspiration. "That's Armazindy!" he exclaimed, "and she shall queen it in our new book as the frontispiece—divinely sceptered with her fishin'-pole!"

Mr. Riley's little volume will be sure to meet with a warm welcome everywhere, for he has won a place in the hearts of the people that cannot be easily lost. A sketch of his early life and his work appeared a little time ago in The Blade.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

IVORY IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

WISHING AND WORKING.

"Come, lily of beauty,
Come, blossom of fragrance,"
Repeats the young wisher, outstretching his hand.
"I long to possess you,
But dread the dark waters,
So come to me where, on the margin, I stand.

"For I am no swimmer
And own little knowledge
In fitting a vessel or using an oar;
My holiday raiment
Suits not rough adventure,
So come to me here, on the smooth, tranquil shore."

"Ah! no," says the lily,
"Stand there on the margin
Through daylight and darkness, I come not to you;
I keep through all seasons
My distance and dangers,
And wait for a conqueror, valiant and true.

"I watch for his coming,
I know his behavior,
He swims like the wild duck, and bounds like the deer;
He shrinks not from danger,
Nor spoiling of raiment,
And works with unwavering purpose and cheer.

"And when I behold him
Draw nearer and nearer,
I'll fail not to greet him with welcoming sweet;
For beauty's the guerdon
Of daring and labor,
And gladly I'll lay all my worth at his feet."

—M. E. N. Hathaway.

MY FIRST LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

I could not have been more than four years old, when I was sent to school one morning, without my hair being combed and woth my every day dress on; because I could ride with one of the neighbors if I went then (not having had the use of my feet since I was about 3 years old). When I got there not one of the girls would look at or speak to me. They were all dressed in their best, and walked around, arm in arm. One of the boys told me it was the "last day of school," and I ought to have been dressed up. To my dying day I shall never forget the grief and trouble I was in. I wondered why the dear mother, always so thoughtful, should have let me go with my soiled dress, and my hair not curled. I was sobbing and crying when the teacher came. She inquired the cause of my tears.

I told my story, the girls theirs. "Well," she said, "we will see what can be done, as it is not quite time to call school." So she went to her handbag, which was made of worsted cloth, with draw strings to hang it on her arm, and taking her comb proceeded to comb out the tangled mass, and curl it over her finger. Then I was the one to look with scorn at the others. I had had my hair combed with the teacher's comb! and just then came my sister Harriette, hurrying along with my best pink calico dress, which had been ironed after I rode away with the kind neighbor, and our dinner, which had been prepared in the same time. I was soon arrayed in the freshly ironed dress, as gay and happy as any of that little group, who are now scattered far and wide, some with bodies many years under the sod, and those who are yet this side, with heads silvered o

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

LYNCHERS ARE FOILED.

State Troops Use Their Guns at Washington C. H.

Washington C. H., O., Oct. 18.—Wm. Dolby, colored, who one week ago criminally assaulted Mrs. Mary C. Boyd, aged 55, at Parrot's station, near here, was captured at Delaware, O., and brought into court at 4 o'clock

JASPER DOLBY.

yesterday afternoon. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

An angry mob gathered about the jail Tuesday afternoon after Dolby had been identified by his victim, and Sheriff Cook called to his assistance the local militia company. This action increased the fury against Dolby, and Governor McKinley was appealed to for additional assistance, and troops from Columbus were sent here yesterday morning. Col. Coit in command. The mob surrounded the jail and court house, and attempted to take Dolby from the officers, when removed from jail to the court house for trial, but were kept at bay by the free use of bayonets and clubbed guns. When brought to the court house Dolby broke down.

While bringing him from the jail the mob charged and almost succeeded in getting him. Henry Kirk, the brother-in-law of the assaulted woman, was knocked down the steps and badly bruised. Another man was bayoneted through the finger, while a bayonet was thrust through the clothes of another. Deputies with revolvers drawn guarded the prisoner in the court room.

Dolby cried like a baby, and kept looking around for help. Soldiers were marched in to keep the crowd quiet. After the sentence the prisoner was taken to the grand jury room. A mob gathered about the court house, and it was impossible to get the prisoner through to take him to the train.

The officers were powerless to get Dolby from the court house to the jail, or to the train, and Sheriff Cook wired the governor to send more troops. The mob grew rapidly in numbers and desperation. Col. Coit made a speech asking the crowd to disperse, but it was received with jeers. The prisoner was prostrate from fear, and lay crying and moaning all the time. The mob kept Dolby and his guards prisoners in the court house until 6 p. m. and then made an attack. The militia repelled them without firing at first, but at 6:45 p. m. the south door was forced open. This door opens upon the street which was filled with men, women and children. The detachment of the guards finally fired on the attacking party. None of the latter were hurt, but a dozen or more persons in the street were struck, two killed outright, and four more were fatally wounded, one having since died.

The dead and wounded were carried to doctor's offices and surgical aid rendered. The thousands that surrounded the court house became suddenly quiet, and it at once became current on the streets and in the Court House that the mob had sent a wagon to the powder house a mile out of town for the purpose of securing dynamite with which to blow up the court house, which contained Sheriff Cook and 75 militia, all armed to the teeth. The soldiers had 30 rounds of cartridges each, and when they learned that there was danger of the mob blowing up the court house they became uneasy and fired several stray shots of warning. Mayor Creamer, Col. Coit, and Sheriff Cook then telegraphed to Governor McKinley for more troops.

The military, all told, until 3:30 a. m., numbered less than one hundred men. Against the surging hundreds of men who crowded in to or about the court house this small band had kept up a determined front for twelve or fifteen hours. Finally, when the First regiment from Cincinnati and two companies from the Fourteenth at Columbus arrived at about 3:30 a. m. a square was formed by the men of the Fourteenth and escorted by the First, the line of march for the cars was taken up, the negro being in the square. He had been in the court house about twelve hours, the officers not daring to attempt to return him to the jail after the sentence had been passed.

Columbus, O., Oct. 18.—Jasper Dolby, the negro sentenced at Washington C. H., to twenty years' imprisonment for a criminal assault on a most estimable white woman, an old lady, was landed in the penitentiary at 7 o'clock this morning. He was escorted here by Sheriff Cook and Deputy Rusick, accompanied on the train by the Columbus companies of the Ohio National Guard.

HARTER ANSWERS THURMAN.

Thurman Calls Harter a Gold Bug and Harter Replies.

Mansfield, O., Oct. 19.—At last Monday night's Democratic opening here of the Ohio campaign, Hon. Allen W. Thurman, chairman of the Democratic executive committee, delivered a long address, favoring the free coinage of silver. At that time a number of his hearers thought he referred pointedly to Congressman Harter, who was present on the platform, as the champion of the gold bugs.

Yesterday Congressman Harter wrote a letter for the press, in which he says he desired to explain why he did not answer Thurman and endorsed a copy of a letter written to Thurman by him on September 29th, in which he explained his position on silver. In the letter Mr. Harter said he was not in favor of free coinage, or any other measure that makes fifty cents worth of silver worth a dollar of gold, or any coinage system which will rob people of half their savings and wage earners of half their salaries. That being the case, Mr. Harter said he could not consistently labor for the success of the Democratic ticket in Ohio this fall and could not support any platform with such a rotten money plank in it. In conclusion, Mr. Harter says it is somewhat odd that Mr. Thurman would make such an address as he did Monday night, when he knew that he (Harter) would take no part in the present campaign.

DEBS IS A POPULIST.

He Speaks in New York Concerning the Political Situation.

New York, Oct. 19.—Eugene V. Debs, leader of the big railway strike, came to this city yesterday form Terre Haute.

"I am here on an organization tour for the Railway Union," he said. "I shall stay for a few days only to visit the chief railway centers. To-morrow I will speak in Cooper Union when I will explain the causes of the strike and the lessons it has taught.

"I have been a Democrat for many years, now I am a Populist. I am confident the Populists will elect a President in 1900. I do not wholly approve the Populist party as it is now constituted, but I think it will improve every year, and finally change into a workingman's party.

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

His Address to the Students of Michigan University.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 18.—Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, last night addressed the students of the Michigan University. His subject was "The relation of leaders to progress."

University Hall, which is capable of seating 3,500, was packed by a gathering which greeted the distinguished congressman with great enthusiasm. Mr. Reed was introduced by President Angell, of the university. In the course of his address, which was of an entirely non-political character, he said: "I am not here to give any news on political subjects, but I desire to make a statement on the question of capital as it comes within my trend of discourse. It is the best thing in the world that there are great accumulations of capital. The question to be settled is how is this capital to be disposed of. In the notings of the people it is often the case that ignorance is in the lead and polls a very large vote. In growth and progress if is impossible to choose a leader through whose instrumentality such changes have taken place .It is the work of the people as a whole, not that of any one man or class of men. Progress is due to the working of men in the great work of the times.

"With regard to history as a picture of the past, those faces which look out at us from its pages are so distorted that the personages who were foul in their own time are hallowed in ours. While history is but a fragment it is a prophet, and from the history of the past we can judge the history of the future. But progress is as wide as eternity and as everlasting as the hills. In the wave of public affairs the leader is often taken for the wave, and in our own times the congressman and alderman may be often wrong, but their heads are all right, although they may at times be a trifle enlarged. It is the truth the greatest hindrance to the progress of to-day is the monuments to the progress of yesterday. It is the whole wave that in one unites the mighty past and present and not the leaders, be they ever so great in the pages of history."

A Talk With Reed.

In a private interview ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed said: If the Republicans should be successful this fall nothing further would be done with the tariff until after 1896, and business would have a chance to revive. On this issue there could be no doubt as to the result. Mr. Reed said that the return of the Republican party to power would not necessarily mean the re-enactment of the McKinley law. He did not think that the party would make that issue. Changing conditions had, he believed, left room for many modifications of the McKinley act.

THE NEW TIN DUTY.

Tin Plate Workers Must Stand a Big Cut.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 22.—J. H. Rogers, of Wales, who is president of the big tin plate mill at Gas City, Ind., was here yesterday. He will return to Wales in a few days, where he expects to increase the capacity of his tin mills. Asked what would be the future of the tin industry in this country under the reduced tariff, Mr. Rogers stated that it would continue, but at a greatly reduced cost of manufacture.

The only way to cheapen the cost of production, he said, was to reduce wages, and with a tariff of only one and two-tenths cent per pound, wages would have to be cut not less than 30 per cent. The only alternative was the return of the industry to Wales.

The question of wages, he said, was now under consideration between the workmen and the manufacturers, and the presumption was that tin plate workers would accept the cut rather than quit work. It is either accept the cut or shut down the mills. Mr. Rogers said that his employes at Gas City received from $35 to $40 a week, which was about three times the Wales scale. Wales, he said, would make a great effort to get back the tin industry, which, under the McKinley bill, she was in a fair way to lose.

In another five years America would have been manufacturing all the tin plate used in this country, and the high scale of wages would have been maintained. Under the new tariff Wales is able to pay the duty and the freight, and undersell the American product in the very heart of the United States. Mr. Rogers states that if he lived in this country he would be a Republican.

AN AMERICAN CARDINAL.

Satolli to be Elevated to That Rank.

New York, Oct. 18.—In two weeks, or thereabouts, Mgr. Satolli, the apostolic delegate, will be elevated to the rank and dignity of a cardinal, was the information given last evening by one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic church in the United States, while in conversation with a company of friends in this city. The speaker assured his hearers that his information was received from the highest possible source, and was thoroughly authoritative. In fact he asserted that the pope's messenger, bearing the red hat and the necessary documents, is already on his way to America, and that upon his arrival the day for the interesting ceremonies will be publicly announced.

"When Mgr. Satolli, now the apostolic delegate, shall have become a cardinal archbishop of the church," the speaker added, "he will receive his appointment as legatee a latere, the most exalted rank to which a representative of the holy father can attain. Papal legates are of three kinds—emissaries, ambassadors, or nuncios, known as legatti missi, and legates by virtue of their office, or legatti nati. Legates a latere are of two kinds—extraordinary and ordinary, and always belong to the rank of cardinals. From the extraordinary powers conferred upon Mgr. Satolli he will be of the former class.

AN ARKANSAS TORNADO.

Enormous Damage Done on the Arkansas River.

Arkansas City, Kan., Oct. 23.—Reports just coming in tell of the ravages of a terrible cyclone which struck Geuda Springs, 18 miles west of the Arkansas river, late Saturday evening. Much damage was done to farm houses and crops, and it is feared more serious reports will be received when telegraphic communication comes up. As far as known there were no fatalities. Two people are known to have been injured. The property loss will aggregate nearly $100,000.

The tornado struck Geuda Springs from the southwest and continuing in a northeasterly direction till it reached Winfield before spending its force. In its course it laid low farm houses, outbuildings, crops and trees. In Geuda Springs, the springs bath house, which cost $40,000, was partially wrecked, the Albright two-story brick block was unroofed and the stores of W. A. Wells and Tom Royal were totally destroyed. Hubbell's business block and the Gilbert block also suffered minor loss. A Mrs. Bookwalter was caught in the wreck of the bath house. Miraculously enough she escaped serious injury.

Dr. Duffield was seriously but not fatally injured by being thrown from his buggy. The aggregate money loss at this point is $20,000.

At Salt City, a hamlet near Geuda Springs, minor damage was done, but no one was injured. E. Weller, living two miles west, got his family into his cyclone cave, and had just closed the door when the house toppled over on them. They were imprisoned for 12 hours, but finally escaped without suffering injury. From this point through the country to Winfield the storm was about two miles wide. In that stretch are many fine farms and many farmers lost part or all of their crops. At Winfield, where the storm broke up, six small houses were blown down and several business houses were unroofed. The large Boden warehouse was completely wrecked and the Southwest Kansas College more or less damaged.

The exact loss is not known, but will reach well up into the thousands. Nobody was hurt at this point.

NATHAN STRAUSS WITHDRAWS.

He Will Not Pull Tammany's Chestnuts Out.

New York, Oct. 19.—Nathan Straus has formally announced his refusal to stand as the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty. He sent a letter to James J. Martin, chairman of Tammany's executive committee, to-day, stating his reasons for withdrawing from the race.

This decision was arrived at after Mr. Straus received word from a close friend of Senator Hill in which the latter declined to accede to Mr. Straus's request.

"Such Tammany leaders as Mayor Gilroy, ex-Mayor Grant, Delancey Nicol, John M. Bowers and others labored long and earnestly with Mr. Straus, bringing all sorts of argument to bear, but the nominee was obdurate and insisted upon withdrawing."

The withdrawal of Mr. Straus will once more put the Tammany state all awry, and until the leaders meet this afternoon everything must be a matter of conjecture.

GRANT FOR MAYOR.

He Will Take Nathan Straus's Place on the Ticket.

New York, Oct. 20.—Hon. Hugh J. Grant was named as Tammany's candidate for mayor, vice Nathan Straus, withdrawn, at the meeting of the executive committee in Tammany hall last evening. The mayor said in the morning that he would not accept the nomination, but he changed his mind after a long conference.

Mr. Grant, in response to the committee's notification, said:

"My determination to accept is based upon the conditions which I will hereafter state, so that there can be no mistake about my position.

"I had determined never to take public office again, but as I favored

EX-MAYOR HUGH J. GRANT.

the nomination of Mr. Straus, I feel that I am somewhat responsible for his being named.

"I feel extremely sorry for the course Mr. Straus has taken.

"But as he has declined, and you have been so extremely kind to me, I will show my appreciation of it by accepting the nomination.

"My conditions are that such candidates now on the ticket, whose candidacy I regard as injudicious, shall be removed from the ticket."

The committee then escorted Mr. Grant to Tammany Hall, where he was received with tremendous applause.

Hugh J. Grant, the new mayoralty candidate of Tammany hall, is probably the most popular member of that organization in New York city, and certainly the man who is strongest before the people. He first came into prominence in 1884, when he was one of the three members of the board of aldermen who remained untainted by the Broadway street railway corruption. Upon the strength of his honesty he was nominated for mayor in the fall of that year as the straight Tammany candidate. He was defeated by a slight plurality by William R. Grace, the nominee of the County Democracy. Frederick S. Gibbs was the Republican candidate that year. In 1885 Mr. Grant was elected sheriff as the Union Democratic candidate, and before the expiration of his term was nominated for mayor by Tammany in the fall of 1888 against the then mayor, Abram S. Hewitt. This year witnessed one of the hottest campaigns ever known in New York city. Joel B. Erhardt, afterwards collector of the port, was the Republican candidate.

Mr. Grant was elected by 10,000 plurality. He was renominated in 1890, in spite of his declination, and re-elected by 40,000 majority over Francis M. Scott, the nominee of the Independent Democrats, endorsed by the Republicans. Mr. Grant declined a re-nomination in 1892, which was unanimously tendered him, and announced his intention of retiring permanently from politics. He was prominently mentioned in connection with the nomination for governor to succeed Hill in 1891, and could have been named in place of Governor Flower had he wished. The Tammany convention wanted to nominate him last week in place of Nathan Straus, but he declined the honor. Mr. Grant is a young man, being not yet 40 years of age. He inherited a large fortune from his father, and is therefore independent of Tammany "perqus."

TOM REED IN CHICAGO.

The Czar Talks to a Very Enthusiastic Audience.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—Thomas B. Reed addressed an audience of enthusiastic Republicans Saturday night in the armory of the First Infantry, I. N. G. The armory is capable of holding fully 7,000 people, and it was jammed to the doors an hour before Mr. Reed began his address. The Hamilton club, of Chicago, under whose auspices the meeting was held, had arranged for an overflow meeting on Wabash avenue, about three square from the armory, and this hall was also filled.

When Mr. Reed left the armory for the Wabash avenue meeting he was escorted by several of the Republican clubs with bands and torches.

Ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby was the principal speaker after Mr. Reed at the armory meeting. When Chairman Dixon introduced Mr. Reed in a brief speech the applause was tremendous. Mr. Reed begged his hearers to give him a chance and said he must ask their forbearance if they desired to hear him in the vast hall. He said he did not think he would be able to give the people of the West much in the way of knowledge of the state of public affairs, etc.

Your present knowledge, said he, has not been gained by word of mouth. It has come to you by that want and suffering which comes in civilized communities when we are unable to enjoy the blessings to which we have been accustomed. Let me give you the consolation that if that knowledge came to you hard it will stay with you long. It seems that for the past thirty years the Republican orators have been giving you arguments founded upon wisdom and fraught with the good sense of this world. Nevertheless, those arguments, sound and solid as they were, must seem very trivial compared with those to which you have been listening for the last two years.

Man's arguments are persuasive. God's arguments are convincing (laughter and applause), and yet we have to undergo all this on account of principle, not only of our nature, but of all the animal creation. All beings, whether human or otherwise, have to have education. They receive it in proportion to their capacity. For the last thirty years, as I have already said, the Republican orators have been telling you that free trade, or even the approach of it, in this country, would bring to you disaster. For seventy years before our coming Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson always preached the same fate.

MISS MONROE GETS A VERDICT.

The World Must Pay Her $5,000 for Copyright Infringement.

New York, Oct. 19.—A jury in the United States circuit court yesterday awarded Miss Harriet Monroe judgment against the World for $5,000 damages. The suit was brought to recover $50,000 for the publication in the World of the Columbian Ode, written by Miss Monroe. The ode had been copyrighted.

IT WAS UNPARALLELED.

Governor McKinley's Great Reception in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Oct. 22.—Never has Gov. McKinley been given a more enthusiastic greeting than that tendered him in the Auditorium Saturday night. As he stepped into the pit in the center of the great room, decorated with the finest specimens of Louisiana's sugar cane, 13,000 citizens of this city and vicinity rose in their seats and gave him cheer after cheer. From side to side, from gallery to gallery, it was taken up, until those of another political faith, two miles away, on the streets, stopped to listen. Thousands of handkerchiefs were waving back and forth, and thousands of citizens were clambering on their chairs to get a better view of the great champion of protection.

Governor McKinley waited patiently. Three times he attempted to speak, and three times the cheers were taken up again, and the enthusiasm did not stop here. Frequently the governor was interrupted, not by the ordinary demonstration of approval tendered a speaker by his audience, but by cheers lasting two, three and five minutes. Nothing during Gov. McKinley's Western trip equaled the ovation he received Saturday night; nothing in the history of the city has ever equaled it.

As Secretary D. S. Ferris, the National Republican committeeman of Louisiana, said Saturday night: "It is a wedge in the solid South; it has broken forever the closely knit group of Democratic states south of Mason and Dixon's line. A Republican governor of the North has come into the South and gathered together the largest and most enthusiastic audience in the history of this section, and protection was the keynote of cheers."

A surprise even to the Democrats was the fact that a majority of the people who heard Gov. McKinley Saturday night were white men—planters, bankers, merchants, representing the best citizens of the state. Probably 1,000 ladies were present. The negroes occupied seats mostly in the galleries, and did not number over 2,000. Gov. McKinley throughout his entire address received the utmost courtesy. There were no interruptions, but frequent ejaculations, such as "Give it to them, McKinley," "You're the next President," "Give us protection every time."

The governor had been receiving callers all day, and Saturday night, after the meeting a reception was held in the parlors of the Hotel Royal. Early in the afternoon D. D. Colcock, of the Sugar and Rice Exchange, called on the governor and presented him with a ticket of membership for one year. The governor's party left on a special train for the North last night.

William Coyle and J. Horner, prominent Democrats here, said publicly Saturday night that the Republicans will carry three Congressional districts without doubt.

ANOTHER TRAIN HELD UP.

Kansas City and Memphis Express Train Looted.

Wagoner, I. T., Oct. 22.—The Kansas City & Memphis express, which left here at 9:30 Saturday night, was wrecked and robbed by the Cook gang of desperadoes at Corretta, a blind siding west of here. The train was running twenty miles an hour and when within 100 feet of the station a man came out from behind the embankment and threw the switch for the side track, running the train into a string of empty box cars. Engineer James Harris applied the air brakes and reversed the engine.

The robbers commenced firing at the engine and coaches. As soon as the train stopped two of the robbers commanded the engineer and fireman to come down and as soon as they had dismounted marched them in front of them to the baggage and express cars. Here they forced Express Messenger Ford to open the doors by perforating the side of the car with bullets. Meanwhile, two more of the robbers had taken up a position at the rear end of the sleeper to prevent anyone escaping. They mounted the platform between the smoker and baggage car and two more the platform between the first and second coaches, all keeping up a continual firing.

The two robbers in the express car were meanwhile ransacking the car, securing all the money in the local safe. They commanded the messenger to open the through safe, but when he explained that the safe was locked at the main office and not opened until it reached its destination, they left the car. The two on the front platform then started through the coach, demanding money and valuables. As soon as they reached the rear end of the coach, the two men on that platform started through the second coach. When they were about half way through, a freight train following close behind whistled and Bill Cook, the leader, who had all the time remained outside issuing commands, swearing at the passengers and shooting, called for all hands to come out.

The men on the cars jumped out and when all were on the ground, fired a last volley at the train and disappeared in the darkness. There were eight or ten men in the party. Two of them were white and the others were halfbreeds.

Jack Machara, an advance agent for Pastor's minstrels, was hit in the forehead by a bullet, and dangerously, if not fatally, wounded. Walter Barnes, of Van Buren, Ark., was also slightly injured by a bullet striking him in the cheek. Special Officers Helmick and Dickson, of the Missouri Pacific, were on the train, also two United States deputy marshals, but they were covered by Winchesters in the hands of the bandits before they had time to make a move. One lost a watch and a six-shooter.

WORKING HOME FOR THE BLIND.

The Iberia Institution Burned to the Ground.

Galion, O., Oct. 22.—Thirty-five blind unfortunates who Saturday were comfortably housed under the care of the state at the little town of Iberia, six miles south of Galion, are to-day wandering homeless, with only the roof of a deserted barn to keep the frost off their meagerly clad bodies.

The state working home for the blind was totally destroyed by fire late Saturday afternoon. Flames were discovered in the roof of one of the buildings, and the lack of water with which to fight the element made it not only impossible to save any part of the institution, but made it difficult to rescue the inmates. They were all safely gotten out of the burning structure save one, Joseph Pfifer, employed in the engine room. When the fire reached that part the unfortunate sightless man, in a frantic effort to get out, ran directly into the flames and was fatally burned.

In less than an hour the entire institution was in ashes, only a portion of the household effects and none of the personal belongings of the inmates being saved. The isolated location of the home made it extremely difficult to take care of the blind inmates, and they were all huddled in a neighboring barn to await arrangements.

Governor McKinley was communicated with at New Orleans, and he directed that the inmates be brought to Columbus and temporarily placed in the institution for the blind here. In the meantime they will occupy the vacant barn of which they have possession.

The institution was founded in 1857. The land and the buildings, which were formerly a small private seminary, were donated to the state for the purpose of founding this home, where skilled blind workmen could find a home and employment. It was thought by the promoters of the scheme that after the institution had been started it could be made to prove self-supporting, but it has been a disappointment in that respect.

From the fact that the home has been viewed with disfavor by the legislature from the first, it is thought that it will not be rebuilt. The entire loss to the buildings will aggregate from $20,000 to $25,000.

DETROIT BOODLER SENTENCED.

Liphardt, the School Board Boodler, Gets Five Years.

Detroit, Oct. 18.—William C. Lipphardt, one of the boodler members of the city school board, was sentenced to five years in state prison to-day.

FOREIGN.

PRINCESS ALIV AT LIVADIA.

She Will Marry the Czarewitch on the 25th.

Livadia, Oct. 23.—Princess Alix of Hesse-Dart, the betrothed wife of the czarewitch, arrived here at 5:50 yesterday, accompanied by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, her sister, wife of Grand Duke Sergius of Russia. The journey of Princess Alix through the Crimea was in the nature of a state progress. The princess was met at the Russian frontier by the Grand Duchess Sergius, and from that point on they traveled together, arriving at Sinferopol, where the princess and the grand duchess left the train and drove in brilliant weather across the country in an open carriage to the Yalta road, the route being decorated at intervals with triumphal arches.

The imperial castle was reached at dusk and Princess Alix was immediately conducted into the presence of the czar and czarina. After a short and affecting interview of a few minutes' duration with the imperial sufferer, who greeted the princess with every mark of affection, the bride-elect accompanied by the czarina and the other members of the imperial family proceeded to the chapel of the castle, where the imperial suite was in waiting to receive her.

A solemn religious service was then conducted, Princess Alix kneeling beside the empress, joining in long and fervent supplications offered to the Almighty for the recovery of the czar.

After this touching religious ceremony the princess and the imperial party returned to the room occupied by the czar.

Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir, the former the brother of the emperor, arrived here on Sunday, and the king of Greece is on his way here from Vienna.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 23.—It is announced here that the marriage of the czarewitch to Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, will take place at Lavidia to-morrow unless the condition of the czar is so serious as to prevent the ceremony.

THE CZAR IS SINKING.

Latest Reports From the Imperial Sufferer at Livadia.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 23.—The following bulletin was issued at 10 o'clock this morning: "The czar slept better last night. His majesty has little appetite, and there is no improvement in the imperial patient's strength or in the action of the heart. The oedema has increased."

This bulletin was signed by the five doctors in attendance upon the czar.

ORIGINATED IN AN ACCIDENT.

A New Story About the Growth of the Czar's Disease.

London, Oct. 22.—A dispatch from Warsaw says it is believed in that city that the disease from which the czar is suffering originated in the railroad accident near Borki, in October, 1888, when the imperial train was wrecked while his majesty was returning from the Crimea to St. Petersburg, killing twenty-one persons and wounding 36 others, among whom was the czar.

The czar suffered from severe contusions on both sides of the body, and these, it is conjectured, may have caused some internal injury, as he has never been quite well since. It was reported at the time of this accident that it was due to defective rails, but the popular belief has been that the wreck was caused by Nihilists.

The car in which the czar and the imperial family was traveling at that time was constructed of steel and to this fact was due the escape from death of Alexander and his traveling companions.

JAPAN AND CHINA.

Some Interesting Stories of the Great War.

San Francisco, Oct. 22.—The Japanese are making history—not only through their troops in the field and their fleets upon the sea, but through their authors and publishers. From M. Sone, of the Takata Shokai, which supplies arms and munitions of war to the mikado, who is now in San Francisco, have been obtained three volumes of war history published in Japanese by the Hakubun Kan Publishing Co., Tokio. Mr. Sone is on his way to London and Berlin. He is on private business, but arms and munitions of war are to be obtained in these capitals.

"Asan was not the first bloody meeting of the nations. Spears and swords were draped with coolie gore before that sanguinary struggle. The first real fight of the war at Anjo Ferry, on July 29, Capt. Matzsaki and Capt. Yokio Yama were killed. The Japanese decided to attack the Chinese by night, but only the officers knew the orders. The soldiers were ordered to prepare for action, and rested on their arms. The night of the 28th had begun, and the clouds covered the sky, and the darkness was like a wall.

"At midnight the Japanese force was ordered to advance to the attack. Absolute silence was enforced. At 12:30 the army moved, the left wing leading. When near the Chinese a line of battle was formed, and the right wing began the engagement. The commander of the right wing was Capt. Matzsaki. One point of his division left Sone, and within a half mile crossed a river knee deep, and after a like interval waded another stream, shoulder deep and soft at the bottom, 25 feet wide, over which there had been a bridge, which the Chinese in retreating, had half destroyed.

"Beyond this river the enemy had made camp, but had not felt secure, and the watchful sentries gave the alarm when the Japanese were seen some distance away. A tall fellow gave the alarm by shouting. The Japanese soldiery would not be denied, but rushed eagerly into fighting distance, and plied their rifles with skill and deadly effect.

"Fighting began at 3 a. m., and continued for 30 minutes before the cloud of Chinese disappeared before the soldiery of the mikado.

"When the command had been gathered after the skirmish it started toward Asan, and marched in peace until July 29, when the advance of the left wing, commanded by Gen. Oshima, went up against the right wing of the Chinese army, which was entrenched in the fort of Saika. The Japanese fired on the fort, and were answered briskly with small arms. Bullets came like floating stars, covering the skies, and making the noise, 'Spen-spen.' Both parties fought hard. The Japanese right wing coming from the Anjo Ferry, attacked the first entrenchment of the left wing of the Chinese. The crying and whizzes of the bullets and the shouts of eager soldiers joined with the roar of musketry, was like the noise when the mountains and hills are rolled together and destroyed.

"The Japanese lost six officers, killed and wounded, and 32 soldiers, killed and drowned. The Chinese loss was about 500. When Saikan was destroyed, the Chinese ran away from Asan and left all their equipments and munitions of war. Eight cannon, sixty flags, provisions and ammunition were captured in Asan.

"On August 13, a hundred Chinese soldiers, defeated at the battle of Chin Sen, while retreating, stopped to loot the town of Chin Sen, Korea.

"Part of a Japanese army engineer corps, five in number, were working on the construction of a telegraph line, and when they saw the vandalism of the hundred Chinese, the engineers drew their swords and went right among the Chinese and fought so bravely that the Chinese soldiery scattered. The Korean citizens were grateful to their Japanese protectors, and gave the engineers the liberty of the town."

London, Oct. 20.—A dispatch received here from Shanghai to-day says that according to Chinese advices, a severe battle has been fought on the lower portion of the Yalu river. The Japanese are said to have crossed the river and to have attacked the Chinese, but it is reported, after fierce fighting the Japanese were repulsed. Both sides are said to have lost heavily. The Chinese do not claim a conclusive victory, but they declare that they still maintain their position. No confirmation of the dispatch is obtainable, but it is believed here.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TEXAS REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

1—Hon. John Grant, Chairman State Executive Committee, Sherman, Texas.
2—W. K. Makemson, for Governor, Georgetown.
3—R. B. Rentfro, for Lieutenant-Governor, Brownsville.
4—J. A. Hurley, for Attorney-General, Sulphur Springs.
5—J. G. Lowdon, for State Treasurer, Abilene.
6—Ed Anderson, for Land Commissioner, Austin.
7—G. A. Tomlinson, for Comptroller, Fort Worth.
8—A. H. Colwell, for School Superintendent, Bryan

Dr. John Grant, chairman of the state Republican executive committee, is a native of New York, is 39 years old; has been a resident of Texas since 1877; was for many years a prominent government contractor and a grain merchant. In 1892 he made an active race for Congress against J. W. Bailey, the Democratic nominee. He has rare executive ability and is honored by all who know him.

Hon. W. K. Makemson, nominee for governor, is a lawyer and stands high in his profession. He is 57 years old; was born in Vermilion county, Illinois, removed to Texas in 1852 and settled where he now lives. He has served the people in many honored capacities, and he is popular in the Republican party and loved by his neighbors.

Hon. R. B. Rentfro, nominee for lieutenant governor, is a native Texan, and is now in his forty-second year. Educated at the University of Kentucky, he is a lawyer of marked ability. He was a member of the Texas constitutional convention of 1875, was county judge of Montgomery county in 1877, was a member of the twenty-first legislature, was collector of customs at Brownsville during President Harrison's administration, and has been a delegate from Texas to various Republican national conventions. He is a fluent speaker and a fine parliamentarian.

Hon. J. A. Hurley, nominee for attorney general, was born in Gilmore, Texas, 34 years of age, was educated at the University of Texas. He made the race for Congress in the Fourth congressional district in 1892, is a fluent debater and talented lawyer.

Hon. J. G. Lowdon, nominee for state treasurer, is a native of New York city, and is 36 years old. He came to Texas in 1883, embarked in the banking business, and is now president of the Abilene National Bank. He has held many positions of trust in the city of his present home, to-wit: City treasurer, alderman, mayor and school trustee. He is a prominent member of the Texas Bankers' association, and at the last annual meeting was elected treasurer. He is a staunch and outspoken Republican, and is making a vigorous campaign in behalf of the Republican party in Texas.

Hon. Ed. Anderson, nominee for commissioner of the general land office, was born in Fort Royal, Va., in 1852, but located where he now lives in 1869. He was educated at the Texas Military Institute, at Austin, Texas. Was deputy assessor of his county for several years, after which he was elected county treasurer over Democratic nominees three successive terms in a Democratic county. He is making a most vigorous campaign in the interest of the state Republican ticket.

Hon. G. A. Tomlinson, nominee for comptroller, was born at Sulphur Springs, Texas, and is now 25 years of age. He was deputy United States revenue collector at Dallas, Texas, during President Harrison's administration. He is an active business man and stands high in social circles. His home is in Fort Worth, Texas.

Prof. A. H. Coldwell, nominee for superintendent of public instruction, is a native of Louisiana; was educated at the Straight University, N. O., where he was for two years in the customs and mint service. He has resided in Texas for eight years, where he has taught school with marked ability, and is now principal of the Bryan high school (col.) He is a thorough scholar, a fluent speaker, is a fine specimen of manhood, very light complexion, with straight hair and moustache, stands six feet high and is very popular with his race.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

The Great Historian, Passes Away in London.

Froude, the historian, died at 6:50 this morning.

Mr. Froude was born at Darlington rectory, Totness, Devonshire, April 28, 1818. He entered Oriel college, Oxford, in 1836, took his degree in 1840, and two years afterward obtained the chancellor's prize for an English essay, and was elected fellow of Exeter college. His sympathy with the high church views which then prevailed led him to entertain the idea of studying for the ministry, and he proceeded so far as to be ordained deacon in 1845. But he never undertook any clerical duty, and soon abandoned theology for literature. In 1847 he published a volume of stories, entitled "The Shadows of the Clouds," and in 1849 "The Nemesis of Faith," both of which were condemned by the university authorities. Soon after the publication of the latter Mr. Froude resigned his fellowship, and was compelled to give up an appointment which he had received to a teachership in Tasmania. For two or three years he wrote almost constantly for "Fraser's Magazine" and the "Western Review." One of his articles in the latter on the book of Job has been reprinted in a separate form. In 1856 he published the first two volumes of his "History of England," the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," which was continued from time to time till its completion in 1870, in 12 volumes. His contributions to various periodicals have been reprinted under the title of "Short Studies on Great Subjects" (1st series, 1867; 2d series, 1871). He also published in 1871 a small volume on Calvinism. He was installed as lord rector of the university of St. Andrews in March, 1869. In 1872-3 he delivered a series of lectures in the United States on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," which have since been published (3 vols., London, 1873-4). His "History of England" attempts to show that Henry VIII. was a much better man than he has been commonly represented to be, and that Queen Elizabeth was indebted for her high reputation as a sovereign chiefly to the abilities of her ministers. His delineation of the character of Mary Queen of Scots is very severe, and has given rise to much controversy.

The Elections in Belgium.

Brussels, Oct. 22.—According to unofficial figures published here the recent elections for members of the Chamber of Representatives have resulted in the following distribution of seats: Catholics 104, Liberals 19, Socialists and Radicals 29.

Forty Bodies Recovered.

Buda Pesth, Oct. 22.—Forty bodies have been recovered from the colliery at Anima, where the explosion of fire-damp occurred on Saturday last. In addition, 20 persons have been seriously injured by the explosion.

To Promote Spanish Trade.

London, Oct. 18.—A dispatch to the Standard from Madrid says that the government intends to start a direct line of state subsidized steamers to Japan, calling at Formosa. The new treaty is intended to promote the trade of Japan with Spain, and the Spanish West Indies.

De Gama is on Earth Again.

Montevideo, Uruguay, Oct. 19.—Admiral Saldanha Da Gama has received a number of Brazilian officers last night. All drank to the success of the revolutionary cause, and pledged themselves to take active part if the Brazilian committee here declares for the struggle after the inauguration of Dr. Moraes as president.

Seals Being Exterminated.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 18.—Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, minister of marine and fisheries, says that the North Pacific seals are being slaughtered on land, which, together with the combined catch of 18 vessels each season, will soon result in their being exterminated.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

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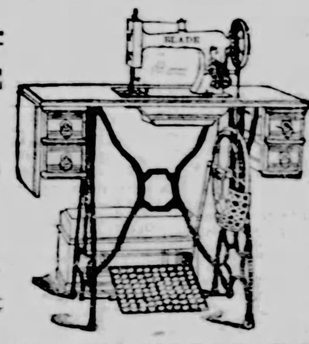
Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.



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EIGELY FINISHED. DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c.

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension sewing from No. 40 to 200 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound b

WASHINGTON.

THE CENSUS REPORT.

The Copy Is Now Almost All Prepared.

Washington, Oct. 17.—It is about the "last run of shad" at the census office. The copy for the 25 big volumes that are to tell the story of the eleventh census has been pretty much all prepared, and the few hundred employes who linger in the grateful warmth of the government radiator of finance are beginning to shiver in prospect of the forthcoming discharge which must follow, unless the Congress at its coming session should be persuaded to make the census bureau a permanent one. And this is hardly probable.

The census has been the most expensive that this country has ever had, but at the same time the most comprehensive and complete. Indeed it may be safely said that it is the most complete and far reaching that any country has ever had. It has cost over $10,000,000, which will be considerably in excess of the cost of the last census. The intention of Congress, when the original act was passed providing for the taking of the eleventh census, was to confine it to 15 volumes and keep the cost down below that of the census of 1880. But little by little Congress was persuaded to let this thing or that be done, and the result is the most costly, but at the same time the most complete and instructive of all the census inquiries we have ever had. Prior to 1850 the cost of a census was never as much as a million dollars, and of course the amount of information, other than a mere enumeration of the people, was small.

Much New Information.

Many features of the present census were never attempted before, and the information they will render to science and business as well as an intelligent view of the condition of the country and people will be of great value. It should also have the effect of contenting the discontented with our country and its condition, for it shows a state of prosperity, financial and otherwise, not attained in any other country. For instance, it shows that the total wealth of this country is greater than that of any other, and that the per capita of wealth is greater than in any other country with perhaps two exceptions, and those very slight. The total wealth of the country is over $65,000,000,000, being $1,039 per capita. This is much more per capita than the general condition in Europe. Indeed only two European countries, England and France, have as much wealth per capita, and they surpass us by so few dollars as to make it evident that we shall soon overtake them. The increase of wealth in the United States is, under normal conditions, about $2,500,000 per day, which is far in excess of the older countries. In the matter of national debt the situation is even more gratifying. We have a national debt amounting to about $14 per capita, while that of France is $116; Great Britain, $87; Austria-Hungary, $72; Belgium, $63; Russia, $20, and so on. In this country the illiterates form only 8 per cent. of the population, in England, 13; Austria-Hungary, 39; Spain, 63. Our taxes per inhabitant are only about two-thirds those of Great Britain and France. In quantity of manufactures as well as wealth we now lead the world.

What It Treats Of.

To those who would like some "light reading" for winter hours at government expense it may be of interest to know just what the 25 big volumes of 22,500 pages will treat of. They are as follows:

Population, 2 volumes, 2,300 pages.
Vital and social statistics, 4 volumes, 4,000 pages.
Crime, pauperism and benevolence, 2 volumes, 1,350 pages.
Manufactures, 3 volumes, 2,500 pages.
Wealth, debt and taxation, 2 volumes, 1,800 pages.
Insurance, 2 volumes, 2,000 pages.
Transportation, 2 volumes, 1,400 pages.
Farms and homes, proprietorship and indebtedness, 1 volume, 1,200 pages.
Real estate mortgages, 1 volume, 1,200 pages.
Agriculture, irrigation and fisheries, 1,600 pages.
Insane, feeble-minded, etc., 1 volume, 700 pages.
Mineral industries, 1 volume, 874 pages.
Church statistics, 1 volume, 850 pages.
Indians, 1 volume, 714 pages.
Alaska, 1 volume, 300 pages.

WOMEN IN THE CAMPAIGN.

Out in Colorado They Are Acting Just Like Men.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Letters received from Colorado indicate an interesting feature of the campaign on the part of the women participating. They will have their first vote on a general state election in November next and it is represented that they are evincing an interest in politics which had not been supposed probable before the right of suffrage was conferred.

All of the three parties, the Republican, Democratic and Populist, have tickets in the field and there are five candidates on each of them. Furthermore, the ladies besides co-operating with the men on the state, county, ward and precinct committee have independent clubs and other party organizations of their own, at which they discuss general political questions, canvass party prospects and do all they can to instill into the minds of the members of their sex the necessity of a full party vote and of creating an anti-election enthusiasm which will insure this result. They also hold public meetings which though conducted, as far as the machinery is concerned, by the women, are addressed by speakers of both sexes.

ORDERS FOR ARMY SUPPLIES

Which Have Been Sent to New York by Japanese Merchants.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Within the last few days heavy orders from Japan have been placed in New York for canvas duck, suitable for army tents and sails, and for leather and boots, suitable for military use. The orders have not come from the Japanese government direct, but from merchants at Yokohama who have taken contracts for army supplies.

These orders are among the first, showing an increased demand for military and domestic goods, such as usually follow a foreign war. The reports to the treasury department show that the export trade to China and Japan had not been stimulated prior to September 1 last. Up to that time the exports of powder, arms, etc., to China had been less than $1,000 for the year previous. From this it is concluded that arms and ammunition have not been exported from this country under cover as general merchandise. The recent orders for canvass and boots have come since the last treasury reports were made.

ARE PRACTICALLY THROUGH.

All of the Campaign Literature Has Been Promulgated.

Washington, Oct. 20.—The work of the Democratic and Republican Congressional headquarters, so far as the promulgation of literature is concerned, practically closes this week. Millions of documents have been sent out from the headquarters, but the managers now consider that the time for literary proselyting is past. At both headquarters apparent confidence is manifested in the result in November, and each claims a majority of the next house. The Democratic managers assert that the situation has improved perceptibly from their point of view with the settling of business uncertainty and the revival of trade, while the Republicans, with equal emphasis, not only claim a great reaction everywhere against the Democratic party as a result of the tariff and other legislation of the last Congress, but deny that there has been any trade revival.

Americans Will Be Protected.

Washington, Oct. 17.—Officials of the Chinese legation say that Americans residing in China will be given ample protection as long as the war exists. The legation shares the feeling expressed in recent cables from Pekin that foreigners have nothing to fear from outbreaks of the natives.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A BILLION DOLLAR ONE.

The Expenditures of This Congress Will Reach That Sum.

Washington, Oct. 19.—It seems impossible to escape the fact that this is a "billion dollar country." Statesmen may preach of economy in public expenditures, they may slice down appropriations in one Congress only to increase them by "deficiency bills" in another, yet the billion dollar line will be reached in the operations of the two sessions of Congress, economize as they may.

So the report of the appropriations of the Fifty-third Congress in its special and regular session ars of interest. It will be remembered that the first Congress to be accused of an appropriation of over a billion of dollars in its full session, was the Fifty-first. It will also be remembered that the Fifty-second Congress, try as it might, was unable to keep the appropriations inside the billion dollar line, for the official record of its appropriation puts the total at $1,026,822,094.

Will Reach a Billion.

And it looks as though the appropriations of the present Congress would also reach the billion dollar line. The amount of the appropriations reported by the clerks in question, in their official statement made up after weeks of figuring, and in the light of an approaching election, is $492,230,685. This, it will be observed, is within less than $8,000,000 of half a billion. And it is of late quite the custom for the appropriations of the second session to run much higher than those of the first session. The appropriations of the second session of the Fifty-first Congress were $36,000,000 more than the first session, and those of the Fifty-second Congress were about $12,000,000 more in the second session than in the first. So if the second session of the present Congress increases the appropriations over those of the first session as the second sessions of the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congresses did, we shall have for the third time the evidence that this is a billion dollar country.

GREAT DECREASE IN CHOLERA.

Interesting Statistics From Dr. Fairfax Irwin, of London.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Dr. Fairfax Irwin, surgeon of the marine hospital service at London, in a special report to the surgeon general covering the progress of cholera in Europe for the week ending October 10, says there is a steady decrease in the epidemic everywhere, amounting in the case of Austro-Hungary to nearly 50 per cent. The decrease in Russia was also remarkable, and Dr. Irwin expresses the hope that the advent of cold weather will put an end to the epidemic entirely.

Many cases are still being reported in Holland, Belgium and France, but they seem mostly of a sporadic nature, an nowhere assume any epidemic form. It also appears from the report that the health of Marseilles is now so satisfactory that the medical inspection of all vessels leaving there has been discontinued.

CASE AGAINST THE SUGAR TRUST

Will be Argued in the Supreme Court This Week.

Washington, Oct. 23.—The case of the United States against the Sugar Trust will probably be argued in the Supreme court during the present week. The case comes to the Supreme court on an appeal from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit, taken by the United States. It is a bill in equity to upset this trust, filed by the United States under the so-called Sherman anti-trust law of July 2, 1890.

The appeal presents generally the question of the validity and effect of the law. Aside from the bearing of the case on the sugar interest, the decision of the case is regarded as important because of its bearing upon other cases of a similar character touching the validity of the Sherman law as applied to other trusts. It is expected to prove a test case.

HAVE CHANGED THEIR MINDS

And Will Keep Army Officers as Indian Agents.

Washington, Oct. 22.—When the Indian officials at one time showed a desire to appoint civilians as Indian agents in place of army officers where army officers have been relieved, it has now been determined to fill such vacancies with army officers. The war department has been asked to designate army officers to fill vacancies in each case.

During the summer there were several instances where some dissatisfaction was felt by the army officers who were assigned to Indian agencies, and the Indian officials were convinced that the best interests of the Indians would be subserved by having civilians appointed.

STATISTICS ON TIN PLATES.

Carlisle Sends Out Instructions in Regard to Collecting Them.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Secretary Carlisle, in a circular letter to customs officers to-day, says:

"It is deemed desirable to continue the collection of correct statistics of the importation of tin plates. The collectors are, therefore, instructed to require importers of such plates to specify and separate on their entries of tin plates such as are lighter in weight than 63 pounds per hundred square feet, and such as weight 63 pounds per hundred square feet and over.

THEY GOT 52,100 STAMPS

At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

Washington, Oct. 17.—After a thorough investigation of the robbery at the bureau of engraving and printing, Chief Sullivan has ascertained that 52,200 stamps, valued at $1,042, were purloined. Mr. Sullivan denies that he took the case out of the hands of the local detectives after they had worked it up. It was a matter for the government secret service from the first, and the case has been in the hands of Chief Hazen ever since the discovery of the theft. It is probable that one or more additional arrests will be made.

H. O. HAVEMEYER ARRAIGNED.

Forms Will be Dispensed With and Bail Fixed.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Henry O. Havemyer and John E. Searles, president and secretary of the American Refiners' company, will be arraigned to-day before Judge Cole, of the District Supreme court, on indictments charging that they refused to answer questions before the Senate sugar investigating committee. It has been arranged by District Attorney Bierney and Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, who appears for Messrs. Havemyer and Searles, that all long forms shall be dispensed with. District Attorney Bierney will ask that bail be fixed at $5,000.

Dividends for Insolvent Banks.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent national banks as follows: 10 per cent, First National bank, of Sun Dance, Wyo.; 11 per cent, the First National bank, of Cedar Falls, Iowa; 20 per cent, the First National bank, of Dayton, Tenn.; 10 per cent, the Northern National bank, of Big Rapids, Mich.; 10 per cent, the People's National bank of Fayetteville, N. C.

All Sold Out.

Boston, Oct. 18.—The $10,000 worth of Columbian half dollars, which was received at the United States sub-treasury last Friday, was exhausted yesterday afternoon, all having been sold in limited amounts to individuals.

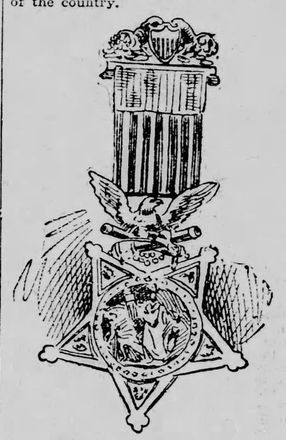
MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION.

Fifth Annual Convention Met in New York City.

New York, Oct. 22.—The fifth annual convention of the Medal of Honor Legion met to-day at the Holland

GEN. J. R. O'BEIRNE.

house. About one hundred of the veterans are gathered here from all parts of the country.



THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

The legion is composed of officers and enlisted men of the Union army who, during the civil war, were

COL. W. G. VEAZEY.

awarded medals of honor for special acts of bravery and devotion.

The fourth annual convention was held at the Holland House, New York, last year. The following were the officers elected: Commander, G. n.

COMMANDER MENDIL.

James R. O'Beirne, New York city; senior vice commander, Col. Robert Q. Orr, Philadelphia; junior vice commander, Alexander Mack, U. S. N., Connecticut; chaplain, L. P. Morton, Homer, N. Y.; adjutant, James I. Christiancy.

DROUGHT IN LOUISIANA.

Citizens in Louisiana Hard Up for Drinking Water.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 23.—A serious problem is confronting the citizens of New Orleans and suburban towns. They do not know where they are to get drinking water unless it rains soon, of which at present there seems no prospect. The drouth has lasted now about two months. The cisterns are nearly all empty, and the wells dry.

The people depend almost entirely upon the supply of water caught off the roofs of the houses in cisterns. The Mississippi river water is unfit to drink unless filtered. There is considerabl esuffering in the rear of the Sixth district, and the people have to go six or seven blocks to the fire plugs. The cisterns are in danger of falling to pieces, owing to being empty and standing out in the sun. Vegetables are becoming scarce and burned up.

RETURNING TO WASHINGTON.

The President and Family Have Left Gray Gables.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Oct. 23.—President Cleveland and family, accompanied by Mrs. Perrine and Miss Rose Cleveland, left Gray Gables in a special train at 9 o'clock this morning. The director's car of the Old Colony road was placed at the disposal of the party. The train was run on special time to Middleboro, and from there the party will go to Providence, probably by way of Fall River.

At Providence the car will be attached to the regular through train to New York from Boston. Mrs. Cleveland and the children will stop off at Greenwich to visit Mr. Benedict. The President will continue his journey to New York as previously announced.

WILL DOUBLE THE VOTE.

Large Registration of Women in the City of Denver.

Denver, Oct. 22.—The registration of women in this city is almost as large as that of the men. The total number of names entered on the books which are now closed is 61,400. The registration in this county will exceed 70,000. Should 70 per cent of those registered vote, the vote cast at the next election will be considerably more than twice as great as it was two years ago, when the total vote was 22,975.

Heavy Registration in New York.

New York, Oct. 18.—Yesterday was the second day of registration for the coming election. The total registration was 99,927 for the day and 102,877 for the previous day's registration, making a grand total of 202,804. The registration for the first two days of 1893 was 145,746, and in 1892, 222,497.

IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Express Company Will Ship No Money Within It.

St. Louis, Oct. 23.—Bankers and business men living in the towns in the Indian Territory as well as those living outside the territory, but doing business with territory firms, are greatly worked up over the condition of affairs which has made it necessary for the Pacific Express Company to refuse money shipments either into or out of the territory. So far as the express company is concerned, however, they take a philosophical view of the situation and not a complaint has been registered.

"The situation in the Indian Territory to-day," said Supt. O. W. Case, of the Pacific Express Company, "is worse than it ever was. There is absolutely no protection for life or property except as we furnish it ourselves.

"This continual carrying of such an armed force makes the business too expensive to be profitable. We have lost more by the expense than we ever did by the actual robberies. Now this Saturday robbery by it we lost just $417. This consisted of return C. O. D.'s which we are still handling and our own and the railroad remittances. But you can see that to protect even a small amount what it would cost when such a gang as that attacked the train. The other companies are still carrying money, but I am informed by Mr. Simpson, of the Wells-Fargo, that he has asked the general superintendent to issue an order similar to ours."

"To give you a little idea of what we have paid out I will speak of the Oliphant robbery. Our loss there was about $300, but it cost us $8,500 to capture the robbers. At the present rates for carrying money we would have to take into the territory $8,500,000 to get that back. For some time before the Dalton gang was wiped out the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Pacific had a standing reward of $5,000 each on the eight men comprising the gang. This had only been shortly before withdrawn. Why, unless there is a reward or we pay the expenses of the deputies the United States marshal does not seem to think that it is his duty to attempt to capture these robbers.

"There is but one way to stop this lawlessness; that is to make a state out of the Indian territory. Of course, if the federal government would send a few regiments of soldiers down there instead of keeping them in the barracks and in these Eastern military stations, it might do some good. A war of extermination such as Governor Crittenden waged against the James gang in Missouri is what is needed. This can only properly be done by admitting the territory to statehood.

"This order of ours does not greatly affect St. Louis, as most of the money is shipped to those banks in the territory from Little Rock or the nearer points. Quite a good deal of money in payment for goods comes out of the territory by express, but this system can be temporarily changed.

General Superintendent L. A. Fuller, of the Pacific company, and General Superintend Peck, of the Iron Mountain, have gone to Waggoner and will spend several days in the territory in an attempt to have the Cook gang, which perpetrated the last robbery, captured.

The information received here is that Bill Cook is a young man not yet 22 years of age, and Cherokee Bill, his chief lieutenant, is but 18. Superintendent Case says they are desperadoes simply for the notoriety and not for the money they can get. Still they always take all they can. The gang which effected the robbery at Claremore a short time ago was the Means gang, headed by Columbus Means. This is a bad gang, as is also the Bill Doolan gang, which is said to have sprung from the ashes of the Dalton gang.

Superintendent Simpson, of the Wells-Fargo, is now in the territory, also looking into the condition of the country in which his company operates. It is stated by some who are familiar with the situation there that the trouble is largely due to the character of the deputy United States marshals, it is well known fact that they are largely recruited from the desperado class and it is often charged that they stand in with the train robbers.

MISSOURI PRESBYTERIANS

Deal a Stunning Blow, to the Liquor Traffic.

Brookfield, Mo., Oct. 19.—Considerable discussion resulted, at the conference of Missouri Presbyterians, now being held here over the adoption of the following resolution, which was finally endorsed:

"Whereas, The liquor traffic is one of the permanent evils which is hindering and destroying the work of the churches, and

"Whereas, It is evil and only evil, and "Whereas, Jesus Christ, our beloved Lord, has manifested that He might destroy the work of the devil, and we, the followers, must continue that work; therefore be it

"Resolved, That it is the duty of every church member to ever and always speak and pray and labor against the liquor traffic, and that it is the sense of this synod that while it is not in the province of the church to dictate to any man how he shall vote, yet the synod declares that no political party has the right to expect the support of the Christian men so long as that party stands committed to the license policy, which refuses to put itself on record against the saloon."

SATOLLI ON THE A. P. A.

Does Not Think It Dangerous to Catholicism.

St. Louis, Oct. 17.—A special to the Republic from Montreal, Que., says: Mgr. Satolli, who is here on a visit, speaking of the A. P. A., says:

"I do not think that these associations which seek to drive Catholics from every position of profit and honor constitute a permanent or serious danger.

"Like the Knownothing movement, they are founded on ignorance and prejudice, which will be dispelled, and they will pass away. They will have a beneficial effect in this way, that they will make Catholics more zealous for the propagation of thir faith, but such movements also indicate the necessity on our part of being prudent and moderate, and avoid the danger everything which appeals to sectarianism may cause in a mixed country like America."

COTTON OIL TRUST.

It is Causing Much Discontent Throughout the Cotton Belt.

Raymond, Miss., Oct. 17.—There is great discontent throughout the cotton producing region over the arbitrary and unreasonable manipulations of the Cotton Oil Trust, which dictates and enforces the price of cotton seed. At the beginning of the present season $9 per ton was the ruling price. Then there was a consultation among representatives of the several mills, and the result was that the price was decreased to $8 within a week. Then followed a decrease to $7. A petition is being circulated asking the punishment of those engaged in bearing down the value of seed.

HALTED THE STANDARD

From Absorbing the Independent Oil Refineries Near Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 22.—The supreme court of this state to-day halted the Standard in its process of absorbing the independent oil refineries in the country. A deal had been made to buy out the Producers' and Refiners' Oil company. John J. Carter, of Franklin, Pa., a stockholder, objected, and secured an injunction in the Venango county courts by which the deal was stopped. To-day the supreme court, without discussing the questions involved, made the injunction permanent.

HANDCUFFS ON A SKELETON.

Gruesome Relic Which Was Brought Home by P. K. Albert.

Guthrie, O. T., Oct. 22.—Deputy Sheriff P. K. Albert has returned from the Creek country, bringing a gruesome relic While traveling along the bank of the Canadian river, near Thurber he found a pair of rusty handcuffs, clasping the hands of a skeleton, partly torn to pieces by wild animals. It was all that remained of some prisoner who had undoubtedly escaped from his guards some time in the past, and perished.

PIMPLES

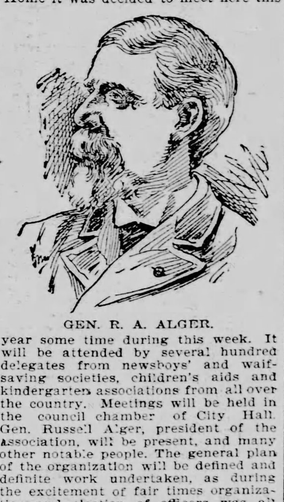
Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, prevented by Cuticura Soap, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. The only preventive of pimples, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin and Hair," mailed free.

NEWSBOYS' HOME MANAGERS

Will Have Their National Convention at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Oct. 22.—The board of managers of the Newsboys' Home have made arrangements for the first national convention of the Child Saving organization, which was founded last year at the World's Fair Congress, and owing to the widespread renown of the Pittsburg Newsboys' Home it was decided to meet here this

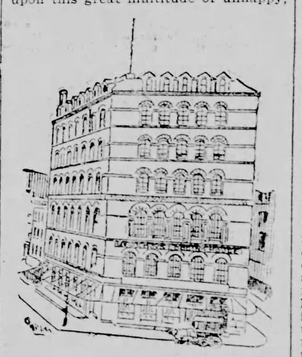


GEN. R. A. ALGER.

year some time during this week. It will be attended by several hundred delegates from newsboys' and waif-saving societies, children's aids and kindergarten associations from all over the country. Meetings will be held in the council chamber of City Hall. Gen. Russell Alger, president of the Association, will be present, and many other notable people. The general plan of the organization will be defined and definite work undertaken, as during the excitement of fair times organization and election of officers was all that could be accomplished.

The first circular of the Children's Aid society ushered in a new movement in the charitable world. It was dated March, 1853, and was prepared by the late Charles Loring Brace, the secretary of the Children's Aid society, New York. As stated in the circular sent out by Mr. Brace: "This society has taken its origin in the deeply settled feeling of our citizens, that something must be done to meet the increasing crime and poverty among the destitute children of New York. Its objects are to help this class, by opening Sunday meetings and industrial schools, and, gradually, as means shall be furnished, by forming lodging houses and reading-rooms for children, and by employing paid agents, whose sole business shall be to care for them.

As Christian men we cannot look upon this great multitude of unhappy,



THE BRACE MEMORIAL BUILDING

deserted and degraded boys and girls without feeling our responsibility to God for them. The class increases; immigration is pouring in its multitudes of poor foreigners, who leave these young outcasts everywhere in our midst. These boys and girls, it should be remembered, will soon form the great lower class of our city. They will influence elections; they may shape the policy of the city; they will assuredly, if unreclaimed, poison society all around them. They will help to form the great multitude of robbers, thieves and vagrants who are now such a burden upon the law respecting community.

In one ward alone of New York city, the Eleventh, there were in 1852, out of 12,000 children between the ages of 5 and 16 years, only 7,000 who attended school and only 2,500 who went to Sabbath school, leaving 5,000 without the common privileges of an education, and about 9,000 destitute of public religious influence.

In 1852 the warden of the city prison reported that one-fourth of the commitments to this prison and nearly one-half of those charged with petty offences had not attained the age of 21 years. The number of arrests aver-

CHARLES LORING BRACE.

aged one inhabitant out of every fourteen persons, or seventy in each 1,000. We design in a word to bring humane and kindly influences to bear on this forsaken class.

We call upon all who recognize that these are the little ones of Christ; all who believe that crime is best averted by sowing good influences in childhood; all who are friends of the helpless, to aid us in our enterprise.

The first president was Judge John L. Mason, and the first treasurer, J. Earl Williams, esq.

This association, which, from such small beginnings has grown to so important dimensions, was thus formed in 1853, and was subsequently incorporated in 1856, under the general act of the state of New York in relation to charitable associations. The first newsboys' home in this country was fitted up in a loft of the old "Sun" building, in March, 1854. By voluntary offerings and hard work this aid society have purchased nineteen school buildings and have rented six buildings where they hold school for children.

Millionaire's Wife Indicted.

Chicago, Oct. 17.—Mrs. Warren Springer, wife of the Chicago millionaire, was indicted this afternoon for attempted jury bribing. Mrs. Springer's alleged attempt at corrupting a juryman was made during a suit for the condemnation of some of her husband's property bought by the Metropolitan Elevated railroad.

ARE BADLY BEATEN.

Last Hope of the Cleveland Democrats in Nebraska has Gone.

Omaha, Oct. 19.—A special to the Bee from Lincoln, Neb., says:

"The last hope of the Administration Democrats to secure recognition for the candidates nominated by the state convention, which bolted the regular convention, was destroyed last night by the Supreme court deciding that the fusion, or Bryan, tickets shall be designated as Democratic, or the official ballot. The question came up on petition as to the power of the secretary of State with respect to certificates of nomination under the provisions of the ballot law.

"The court was also asked to pass on the question, Does the law authorize the printing more than once on the official ballot of the names of the candidates nominated by different parties, or by petition. Referring to the first question, the court said that the power of the secretary, when objection is made to any certificate filed with him, to determine from extrinsic evidence, whether or not such certificate is fraudulent, and whether the nomination therein certified was made by a convention or assemblage of voters, in good faith, claiming to represent a party which cast the requisite number of votes at the last election, is plainly implied from the state law.

"Answering the second question, the court declared that the ballot law evidently contemplated that the name of each candidate shall appear but once on the official ballot, followed by such political designations as correspond with the nomination papers on file with the officer charged with the duty of printing and distributing them. It follows that there exists no authority for the printing of the names thereon more than once.

"The decision as to the last question is a victory for the alleged bolters, since it was intended to have the names of the fusion candidates printed twice on the ballot, as Populists and Democrats.

TRAIN BANDITS AAGIN.

An Express Train on the T. & P. Robbed.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 20.—The Gazette's special from Gordon, Tex., says: No. 3 west-bound passenger on the Texas & Pacific, due at Gordon at 12:13 p. m. and about on time, was robbed by four men yesterday a few minutes before noon, three miles west of Gordon. The train being stopped at such an unusual place, J. W. Cooper, of Gordon, sprang off on the north side to learn the cause of detention.

He was greeted by a gruff command to get back on the train. Believing it the joke of an acquaintance, he answered with a laugh, but immediately the robbers enforced their command by leveling two long guns on Cooper. Any further interruption to their plans was prevented by occasional shots along the sides of the train. The safe in the Pacific Express car contained the money in transit for Thurber, with which the Texas & Pacific Coal company were to pay their employes to-day. The robbers having captured the section gang, flagged the train, and forced B. T. Locksby, section foreman, to enter the express car and knock off the combination of the safe, but even then failed to open it, and succeeded in making but a slight haul. No one was hurt.

Cloak Strike Still On.

New York, Oct. 17.—No termination of the cloak strike is yet probable. While some of the smaller manufacturers have surrendered to the strikers and signed bonds for the maintenance of price scale, the larger houses stand out unitedly and firmly.

Money, Crops, Trade.

BUSINESS LAST WEEK.

Domestic Trade and Railroad Earnings Diminished.

New York, Oct. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade which issues to-day says:

Cotton below 6 cents and wheat below 55 cents, each lower than ever since present classifications, were known, export of gold, instead of products at such prices in October, are the salient features in business this week. Distribution of goods to consumers goes on fairly with gains at nearly all points in comparison with last year, but not yet at a rate to sustain the present volume of manufacturing production, so that prices weaken a little. The domestic trade reported by railroad earnings in October is 3.4 per cent. less than last year and 13.4 per cent. less than in 1892. The payments through the principal clearing houses for the third week of October are 2.3 per cent. greater than last year, but 31.5 per cent. less than in 1892. The daily average for the month is 5.6 per cent. larger than last year, but 28.2 smaller than in 1892. With many features of encouragement business has not yet reached expectations, and it is evident that the loss of part of the corn crop and the unnaturally low prices of other great staples affects the buying power of millions.

Wheat for October delivery fell to 54.12 cents on Wednesday, and in spite of some recovery the average for October thus far is 2 cents below the lowest monthly average ever made, which was in September, and which was nearly 10 cents below the lowest prior to this year, the October average being 50 cents below that of October, 1861 or 1890. Western receipts are only 4,760,291 bushels for the week against 6,064,333 last year and Atlantic ports 631,084 bushels against $93,343 last year, but the controlling fact is that no demand as yet promises to clear away the enormous surplus. Corn declined 1-2 and 1 cent during the week, with receipts not a quarter of last year and exports not a tenth. Pork products were small and weaker, with lard a quarter cent lower. Cotton sold at $5.94 on Thursday, and with Ellison's estimate that the world will consume 8,248,000 bales American the stock of 2,000,000 bales in sight and the estimated yield of over 9,000,000 bales deter buyers.

Domestic exports from this city in two weeks of October were 18 per cent. less in value than last year, while the increase in value of imports has been 27 per cent. Much of the decrease in the exports is in price, but in August and September the quantity of wheat decreased over a third.

The iron and steel business makes a better showing this week, bessemer pig having stiffened to $10.90 at Pittsburg, and at Chicago and New York further structural and bridge orders have been placed, but bar iron has fallen to 90 cents for common, and $1 for steel at Pittsburg, which are prices below those current in Great Britain. There is a good demand for sheets and some good bridge contracts are reported. The Pennsylvania railroad reports its material account 50 per cent. less than that of last year up to date.

The Bradstreet Report.

New York, Oct. 20.—The Bradstreet's Financial Review to-day will say: Speculation for the past week has been on a limited scale and movement of prices restricted to a few stocks. Diverse influences were apparent in the proceedings, the chief of which was the sentimental belief that the result of the coming election will be to check further alteration of the revenue laws, which fact, it is claimed, will facilitate the growth of business confidence and activity. On the other hand the adverse influence of the strong tone of the exchange market and the engagement of $1,000,000 gold for shipment to Europe was felt throughout the week and furnished a basis for more or less bearish activity. This, however, was confined mainly to short sales of the granger stocks, and was not productive of real liquidations. The only prominent member of the list in which a depression of any account was produced was General Electric, which was apparently affected by conditions peculiar to itself, and which are not clearly understood by the street. Sugar, the most important speculative stock, furnished more or less encouragement by its course. Its recovery is ascribed to inside buying, and the report is freely circulated that the management are satisfied that no further agitation of the free sugar bill is likely and were, therefore, satisfied to re-purchase stock at the recent decline. Intimations are, however, heard that the movement is due to an outside pool, and is based entirely on the fact that the professional traders are inclined to look favorably on the prospective results of the election as far as they will affect the fortunes of the sugar company.

EUROPE'S WHEAT CROP

Falls 116,000,000 Bushels Below Consumption.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The condition of the crops of Europe for 1894 are given in the forthcoming report of the statistician of the agricultural department for October. The estimated wheat harvests amount to 1,435,410,000 Winchester bushels, against a regular consumption of 1,553,500,000 bushels. The harvest by countries is as follows, the first figures being production and the second consumption:

United Kingdom	61,891,000	239,000,000
France	343,425,000	350,000,000
Germany	113,500,000	125,000,000
Spain and Portugal	110,500,000	115,500,000
Italy	122,959,000	149,000,000
Austria-Hungary	217,000,000	190,000,000
Roumania	44,000,000	15,000,000
Bulgaria	21,000,000	20,000,000
Russia	319,000,000	239,000,000
Belgium	16,500,000	25,000,000
Holland	5,115,000	35,000,000
Denmark	5,100,000	4,500,000
Other countries	54,500,000	43,000,000

This gives 116,000,000 bushels as the approximate requirement from abroad.

Owing to unfavorable harvest weather only a small part of the wheat in Great Britain is fit for milling purposes. The oat crop is considered excellent. There are about 2,375,648 bushels of last year's wheat crop in first hands. The amount necessary to be imported to meet all demands will be about 189,799,680 bushels at about 3,646,000 bushels a week. Commercial Agent Reid, of Pumferline, Scotland, announces that the year 1894 according to authentic reports will be one of disappointed hopes to British farmers. Since June heavy storms have injured the hay, damaged the grain and produced a widespread attack of disease among potatoes.

Official estimates of the crop just gathered in France show a quantity of wheat in excess of the average. The harvest makes France practically independent of outside supplies, but some wheat will probably be imported. The drawback on flours, upon exportation, made from the duty paid on foreign wheat has already had the effect of stimulating the sale of French flours in British markets.

The wheat crop in Roumania is the smallest for five years, the rye crop falls below that of last year, and the yield of barley and oats per acre is the lowest for five years. There was about half a crop of corn.

In Germany wheat shows a falling off in quantity and quality from last year and the potato crop is very disappointing. The Austrian wheat crop is expected to measure 50,000,000 bushels. Barley and oats have an average yield, but corn does not promise as well. The Italian grain is reported excellent in quality. The corn crop damaged by drouth is looked upon as lost in many districts. Belgian wheat harvested under very unfavorable condition is injured in quality. Hungary's wheat fields yielded 167,000,000 bushels; rye 61,700,000, and corn 60,000,000. There is an average rye crop in Austria except in quality which is deemed poor. In Russia the approaching completion of the Siberian railroad is expected to open up to commerce a new field and "A new and vigorous competitor," says the statistician, "will before long be found in the markets of Europe as an enormous quantity of fertile land will be brought under cultivation by the railroad.

IS BEHIND THE MARK.

The Iron Trade Review Makes a Comment on the Month's Business.

Cleveland, Oct. 18.—The Iron Trade Review says:

The general tenor of advices from iron and steel selling centers is that October business is not up to the pace set by August and September. Active furnace capacity has increased at a much less rapid rate the past month than in the preceding month, yet to-day pig iron production is at the rate of about 8,300,000 tons per annum, or only 1,000,000 tons below the record of the banner year. Another score of furnaces in blast would mean an output at the rate of 1892. It is plain that the present pace will not be preserved long without an increase of stocks, and the weakness in pig iron prices that has been in evidence the past fortnight is proof of the disparity between production and current buying. The situation as to Bessemer iron and soft steel has changed but little. Billets are affected unfavorably by the shut down of tin plate mills, and deliveries extending through the year have been contracted for at $15.50 Pittsburg, while an important Western Pennsylvania buyer is said to have shaded that figure. Bridge orders have been the most encouraging feature of late, from the standpoint of western mills.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 25, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 25.
U. S. 5's, coupons	113½	113½
U. S. 5's, registered	113½	113½
U. S. 4's, coupons	114½	114½
U. S. 4's, registered	114½	114½
U. S. 2's, regis. (old)	96	96
Pac. 6's of '95 (old)	101	101

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday, at the Toledo Chamber of Trade cash wheat is unchanged. December is ¼c higher, and May shows a decline of ¼c. The market held steady until near the close, when there was a firm tone.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 53¾c; No. 3 soft red, 52c.

October wheat nominally 52½c; December wheat, 53@53¼c, outside to close; May, 57¾c, the top for the week.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Oct.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	52¾
Chicago	....	....	....	52
December—				
Toledo	53	53¼	53	53¼
Chicago	52¾	52¾	52½	52¾
New York	56½	56½	56¼	56¼
St. Louis	49¾	49¾	49¾	49¾

Corn—Dull, Steady.

Trade in corn was confined within small limits; No. 2 mixed, 56c; No. 2 white, 56½c.

Oats steady; No. 2 mixed, 25½c; No. 2 white, 31½c; No. 3 white, 30¾c.

Rye dull; No. 2, 46c.

Clover Seed—Active, Firmer.

As compared with yesterday, clover seed is 5c higher, with a fairly firm close. Prime cash and October, $5.22½; February, $5.37½; March, $5.40. No. 2 seed, $5.00; Alsike, by sample, $6.10, $5.40 and $5.20. Receipts of clover, 960 bags; shipments, 294 bags.

F. N. Quale reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 52c; white wheat, 50c; oats, mixed, 28c; white, 30c; rye, 45c. cars—No. 3, 1. Rye—None.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Dull, Firm

As compared with yesterday wheat is about 1-2c higher, closing firm. There was a light trade all around the pits. In the beginning the cables were firm, and there were reports of foreigners buying, but the heavy receipts in the Northwest, 398,188 bushels, caused weakness. Russian exports during the past week, 373,000 quarters. French markets were firm, at Paris wheat 10 centimes higher; flour, 20 centimes higher. Berlin wheat 1-4 mark lower. Export clearances to-day 98,800 bushels of wheat and 60,828 barrels of flour, or in the aggregate, 372,210 bushels. There were on track in the Northwest 1,080